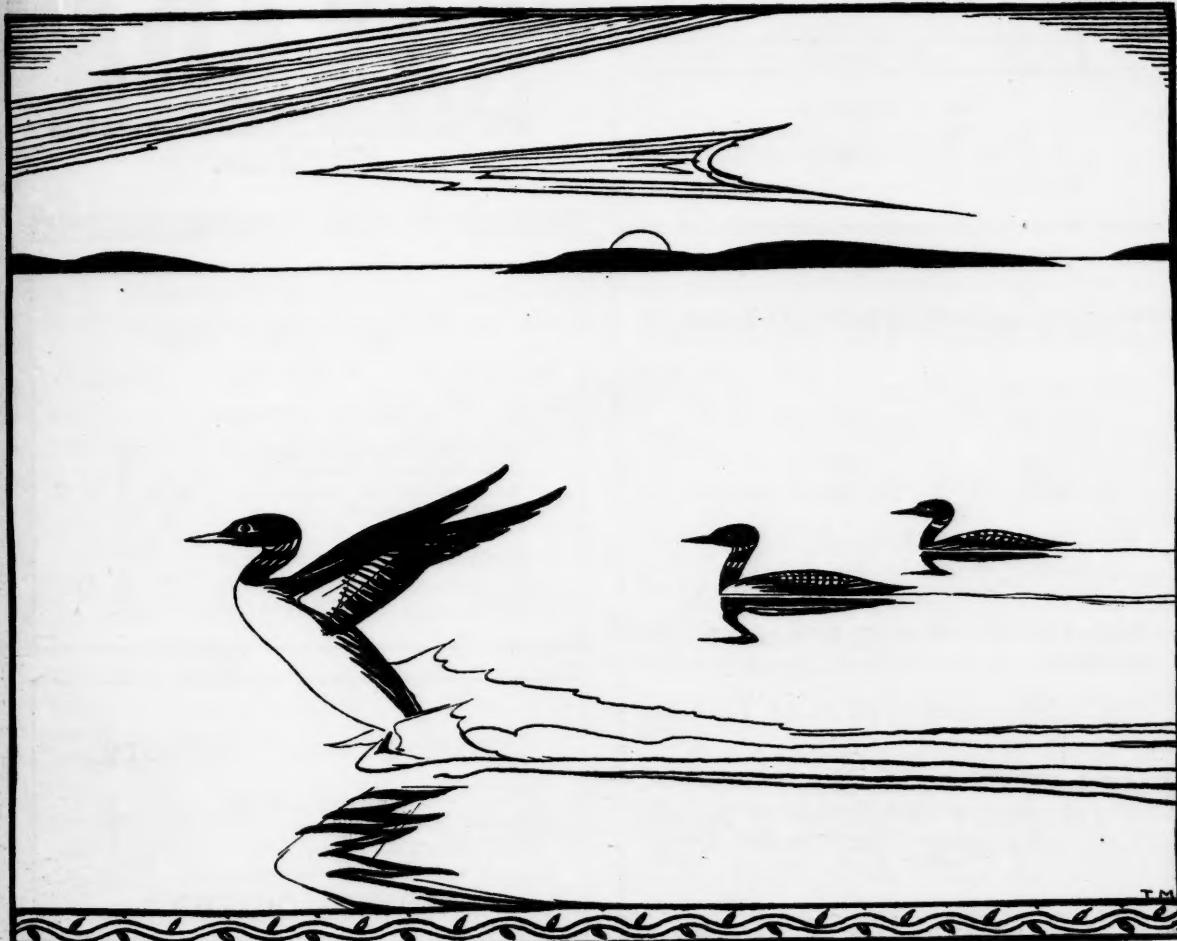


COMMUNITY COAL

CANADIAN PICTURES AT WEMBLEY

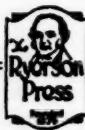
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THE RHINELAND PACT

AS we go to press the prospect of an early conference on the Security Pact is still doubtful, but the outlook for a bilateral agreement is considerably brighter than it was in midsummer. As French troops have poured across the Mediterranean into Morocco their numbers in the Ruhr have diminished proportionately, and this punctual fulfilment of one Allied pledge is followed by reports that a date for the delayed evacuation of Cologne will soon be set. The naive efforts of M. Briand to ensure a pre-determined Allied settlement of the German proposal before meeting its originators to discuss it have happily proved abortive, for Mr. Chamberlain—exhorted by Parliament, press, and nervous colleagues—has taken the firm stand expected of an Englishman and has lived up to his photographs for once. Yet, although M. Briand has failed to secure the complete accord he so earnestly desires, it appears that he is willing to meet the Germans for a general discussion without undue delay. This unwonted compliance is refreshing. Much will depend on French fortunes in Morocco, where Marshal Petain is planning to make hay while the sun shines, but it is not at all sure that victory will be won before October, and M. Painlevé's Government would not enjoy meeting a reassembled Chamber without having made any progress towards security either on the

Rhine or in the Riff. If a conference takes place under these circumstances there should be some hope for mutual concessions resulting in agreement.

AS for the terms of the much-advertised Pact, it is difficult to see how any agreement but a strictly bilateral one would be accepted by the British and German peoples, and the very nature of such a treaty would obviate the danger of secret military commitments which constitutes the one sound objection to 'continental entanglements' of this type. For no one can now seriously believe it possible for Great Britain to keep apart from European affairs and clear of European disputes. If the Pact survives the mauling it must suffer at the hands of British, French, and German patriots, it will most certainly bind Britain to no more than an assurance that her weight will be thrown on the side of the power attacked across the Rhine. For the present this is superfluous. The danger lies in the future, when Germany, her period of disarmament completed, threatens once more to become a dangerous neighbour for an armed but fundamentally weaker France. And it is highly improbable that the Dominions would stand aside if the Old Country was again drawn into a European war, whatever advances towards a united foreign policy may or may not have been made. As we see it, therefore, the Security Pact, though of no value comparable to that of a general compact such as the Geneva Protocol,

may yet assist towards the working out of a comprehensive international pact by making the citizens of the British Commonwealth realize, as they have not yet done, the dangers of the future in a world lacking any effective law to make it safe for the pursuit of democracy.

POSTPONING THE COAL ISSUE

DJRING the last month two great coal disputes have been composed, but in neither case has the 'settlement' been of a nature likely to bring abiding peace to the industry. Both in the British coal-fields and in Nova Scotia an armistice has been arranged for a six months' period, during which time a government commission will valiantly search for some golden mean which will satisfy the owners and still be acceptable to the workers. In Great Britain the pay and working hours of the miners will remain unaltered during the interim, and the operators will receive a large subsidy from the public treasury. In Cape Breton the men were persuaded to accept an eight per cent. cut in wages, and, in consequence, 'Besco' deigned to accept a less generous grant from government funds. The British miners are insisting that the commission shall consider nationalization as a possible solution, and it is to be hoped that such fundamental questions will be within the scope of the Nova Scotia enquiry. There can be neither health nor peace in a community that does not subscribe to the principle that every industry shall ensure to its workers a reasonable wage and decent living conditions. If this cannot be accomplished in the coal-fields under private operation—and the owners seem determined to establish that such is the case—then some system of public management must be devised. If it should be argued that state operation would increase the cost of coal to the consumer, we must be prepared to face such a contingency, but we believe that a public service commission, by employing the best engineers and managers obtainable, could raise the standard of living for the workers and at the same time materially reduce the cost to the consumer.

THE NEW BRUNSWICK ELECTION

NEW BRUNSWICK has followed the example of her neighbour, Nova Scotia, and has given the Liberal Party its 'time'. The 'ins' are out, and the 'outs' are in, and that pretty well covers the situation. From this distance, there seems little choice between the policies or personnel of these provincial parties, except that the longer one lot remains in power the more complacent and bureaucratic its members become, until finally the average citizen exercises the only real power that he possesses and ousts the smug incumbents from their comfortable offices. A few years ago the greater part of the Canadian public became thoroughly wearied of the Tory hier-

archy, and the Conservatives were retired from the directorate in nearly all the provinces: now the inevitable reaction has arrived and the Liberal Party is experiencing the same fate. It is not that the Conservative organizations have adopted any more enlightened or popular policies during their sojourn in the wilderness, for no such drastic move is required where the two-party system is in operation. All that the Opposition need do is to stand pat and confidently wait for the time when their opponents will become discredited in the eyes of the electors, when, with becoming modesty, they once more assume control of the state. This is what professional politicians mean when they speak with approval of the stability and inherent rightness of the two-party system.

SIR ADAM BECK

IT is difficult to estimate the loss sustained by the Province of Ontario in the death of Sir Adam Beck. There are other men of affairs and captains of industry who are as forceful and efficient administrators, and there are men in other walks of life who possess an equal measure of vision and idealism, but it is a rare thing to find all these qualities combined in one man. Sir Adam had in a remarkable degree that driving force of character that gets things done—somehow—despite difficulties, opposition, and all the deadly forces of inertia. The great predatory interests of this continent regarded him as the most dangerous man in Canada, and it would be redundant to attempt to add to such praise. It is a remarkable tribute both to the incorruptible quality of the man and the public value of his work that, in spite of his German parentage and socialistic prepossessions, he was venerated as a popular champion by the great mass of the public, regardless of their political affinities and artless prejudices. The achievements of the Hydro-Electric Commission under his direction will stand for long as a model of what may be accomplished by collective ownership in the interests of the people, and for some time Sir Adam had been making a hard fight for further power developments on the St. Lawrence and Ottawa rivers, and for the creation of auxiliary steam plants in the large centres under a system of public ownership. Let the people of Ontario show their appreciation of his stewardship by ensuring that these projects are brought to completion. To carry on his work would be the finest monument we could raise to Sir Adam Beck.

JEALOUSY IN CANCER RESEARCH

IT would seem that the achievement of Gye and Barnard in cancer research, which is considered at length on another page of this issue, has been the cause of jealousy in certain quarters. 'The Latest

'Cancer Parasite' is the title of an editorial in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* for August 8th. The innuendo in the title is well maintained throughout the article, but we think it unfair that the work of Gye and Barnard should be relegated to the level of common quackery. The editors of the J.A.M.A. have been very careful not to get 'excited' in the way they think the editors of *The Lancet* have got excited. They offer no criticism of the British work on cancer. The one point they raise which may be mistaken for criticism, that chicken sarcoma is quite different from mammalian cancers, is really begging the question. But surely the J.A.M.A. is hard of understanding when it upbraids Dr. Rous, of the Rockefeller Institute, for his 'admirable scientific conservatism' in committing himself only so far as to postulate an 'agent' and not a 'virus'. Gye was the first, perhaps, really to appreciate the work of Rous. The J.A.M.A. would now make a hero of Rous on Gye's recommendation, but will not accept Gye's idea of a living organism in cancer causation, although Gye has produced ample evidence of such!

CANADIAN PICTURES AT WEMBLEY

IN connection with the article in this issue by Mr. Rupert Lee on Canadian Art at Wembley—the second from his pen on the subject in these pages—it is perhaps not inappropriate to point out that there is a certain misapprehension abroad concerning the reception of the two Canadian exhibitions in London. It is usually assumed now that the London critics have pronounced upon Canadian Art and found it good. This is not strictly true. The London critics proper left Wembley alone, and all that we heard took the form of press notices—mostly unsigned—of a very general and of a mildly critical nature. What they told was that the fresher and more adventurous Canadian painting had made a favourable impression in London, but of the considered individual judgments that constitute real criticism we heard next to nothing. The chief exception to this general statement is furnished by Mr. Lee's articles, which have certainly not been written in haste, and must undoubtedly be regarded as criticism. In this light these two articles have an added significance for the Canadian reader, and we would advise all who follow Canadian art seriously to read the two together. Whether we agree with them or not, they are the first attempt that has been made to submit our Canadian painters to a searching examination. It would be instructive to have six or a dozen articles of this type from the great metropolis. Together they would furnish us with what we think we now have—the judgment of the London critics. But no Wembleys will ever give us this. The real opinion of London can only be evoked, if at all, by sending Canadian pictures to the London galleries. And this is what we hope to see happening during the next few years.

THE PASSING OF BRYAN

A CORRESPONDENT writes: The dramatic passing of Bryan unites most of us in that humanity which seems to be the real object of any science or religion. Differences of personal opinion are forgotten when we stand together on the edge of such a fact. We look out into something beyond all dogmas, and turning to our life again in the survey, we find it part of the vague greatness of the outlook. We see the toiling of mankind not in antagonistic detail, but in a big unity of endeavour. 'Rise after rise bow the phantoms behind us.' Fundamentalist and Evolutionist build up something vast and divine. We see that the quickening spirit is greater than any intellectual biology or fervent fundamentalism. We wish not to stop in any of these things, but to work outward from them in service and development of the whole. And so we stand in farewell to Bryan. We are glad to join in giving him the soldier's honour.

His antagonism to the idea of evolution gives special interest to a series of portraits of him, showing him at different times of his life, and published by a contemporary. We see him as a keen-faced young college student, in top hat and check suit, the thin-lipped mouth firm but free, the brow clear of the dividing furrow, the long-lidded eye open and direct, the face comparatively thin and delicately modelled. The face and shoulders get stouter and more aggressive with the years. The bow tie changes from the long, loose string variety of '96 to the little tight bow of to-day, worn a trifle one-sided. Up to 1913 there is a developing massiveness of figure. The eyes narrow down to the peering of age. The mouth thins and widens, and after 1913 it becomes a Fundamentalist finality, its corner wrinkles flanking the squaring chin. The wear and tear of the years is very clear in such a remarkable face as Bryan's.

One likes to recall a personal glimpse of him, as seen on the streets of Toronto years ago—some time after the 1900 period, probably. He had been giving a lecture at Massey Hall, an afternoon lecture, seemingly, and was strolling down Yonge Street alone, stopping sometimes to look in the big store windows. No one needed to be told that here was a notable man, a 'Great Commoner' without a doubt. He was probably in his prime, then—his fine, tall, solid hearty figure, his rich complexion, his dark hair, his black frock coat, soft hat and string tie were a great advertisement for the U.S.A. Everything about him said 'American'. He was a composite of 'these States', not Uncle Sam, but a stouter, younger, heartier, redder grandson of that old gentleman. Many think him a Barnum of politics, but he had an appearance fit for the entrance of a noble show.

Lincoln, looking from his office window one day, saw Whitman walking down the street, and remarked:

'Well, he looks like a man, anyway.' Bryan impressed at least one Canadian in the same way. He looked like a man.

THE OUTLOOK IN BRITAIN—I. FROM A CORRESPONDENT

THE early days of August provided an illuminating proof of the kaleidoscopic character of the political situation in Britain when they saw a Conservative Government, backed by an omnipotent majority in both Houses of Parliament, consent to finance what was for all practical purposes a Communist triumph. Not since Peel (elected as a champion of Protectionism) decided to abolish the Corn Laws has the performance of a Conservative leader so deeply harrowed the souls of his followers as Mr. Baldwin's decision to decline the challenge made by the miners and their allies and purchase at least temporary industrial peace at the price of a substantial subsidy to the coal industry.

But the forces and circumstances which have impelled the strongest and most secure Conservative Ministry of modern times to rise, and in the actual event incur, the forfeiture of the confidence of a large body of its staunchest supporters, deserve careful examination. The upheavals of the Great War (producing Coalition Governments which broke down the ancient party lines and promoted the rapid growth of the Labour party) completely destroyed the old bi-party equilibrium. Mr. Lloyd George was a marvellous swimmer in such troubled waters, but his personal prestige, derived from services during the war, waned steadily with each year of peace, and the break-up of his Coalition Government in 1922, due to a Conservative revolt organized by the present Premier, ushered in a period of distracting confusion and uncertainty in the political world. Britain witnessed the unparalleled phenomenon of general elections in three successive autumns, and it was a desire for a firmly established Government, able to offer promise of consistent policies and efficient administration, which induced thousands of electors, normally devoid of any serious sympathy with the ideals of the Conservative party, to assist last December in endowing it with a very substantial majority over all other parties in the House of Commons.

Personality plays a large part in British politics, and to the cheerful acquiescence in a Conservative régime during a period of discontent the character of Mr. Stanley Baldwin made a special contribution. One of the most generous employers of labour in Britain, he has no trace of class consciousness in his make-up; the Socialist candidature of his son bears witness to his frank toleration of the discussion of subversive doctrines at his own table, and honest-

minded Labourites will confess their conviction that he is as sincere in his desire to cope effectively with the problems of poverty and unemployment as any of their own leaders. In most of his political and economic ideas he is far in advance of the mass of his own party, but there is ample evidence available to prove that Conservatism in Britain only flourishes under leaders of a progressive stripe.

It seemed, therefore, that if any one could make a success of a Conservative administration, it would be Mr. Baldwin. Since his present Premiership began he has made some exceedingly good speeches, and neither in his words nor his deeds are any stigmata of the reactionary visible; his plea for social reconciliation, made some months ago during the debate on the Trades' Union Levy Bill, cast a remarkable spell upon his hearers of all parties, and at the recent termination of the coal crisis Labour iconoclasts like Mr. Ben Tillett and Mr. Bob Smillie paid him tributes such as come to few politicians. But he has yet to prove his possession of the qualities of supreme statesmanship which Britain needs in the present crisis of her fortunes.

Mr. Baldwin's Ministry is obviously not overwhelmed with first-rate brains and high political sagacity. Its ablest member, Mr. Winston Churchill, has both the qualities and defects of real political genius; but his confirmed disposition to dramatise everything that he touches has more dangers than advantages, and in controversies like the dispute over the restoration of the gold standard his slapdash generalisations have proved quite inadequate to cope with informed and painstaking antagonists like Mr. J. M. Keynes, whose latest pamphlet, 'The Economic Consequences of Mr. Churchill', is attracting widespread attention. After Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, Mr. Austen Chamberlain cuts an uninspiring figure as Foreign Secretary and his pro-French tendencies are a source of disquietude even to many of his colleagues. Mr. Amery is not loved in his own party and carries little weight in the House, and Lord Birkenhead's great abilities scarcely avail to counterbalance his notorious defects as a Minister. Of the other older members of the Cabinet by far the most competent are Mr. Hogg, the Attorney-General, who is a first-rate parliamentarian, and Mr. Neville Chamberlain, who shows a genuine inherited interest in social reform. High hopes were entertained of a quartette of young recruits to the Cabinet, and to a certain extent they have been justified; Mr. Edward Wood, the Minister of Agriculture, gives evidence of real distinction of mind, and Lord Eustace Percy is an intelligent and progressive Minister of Education, but Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland, the Minister of Labour, has yet to prove his mettle, and Sir Philip Cunliffe Lister, whose talents have

received abundant advertisement, has seen his reputation steadily decline in the present Parliament.

It was with such a team that Mr. Baldwin found himself in the closing days of July faced with a crisis of the first magnitude in the industrial world. For the past few years there has existed an arrangement between mineowners and miners of Britain whereby, after expenses incidental to the production and distribution of coal have been provided for, the net returns from the mines should be allocated in the proportion of 88 per cent. to wages and 12 per cent. to profits. Now it happens that the coal industry of Britain has been experiencing a period of intense depression for which a variety of causes, some temporary and others permanent, are responsible. With oil at its present price the superior economy of oil-burning ships is very great, and their increasing popularity with shipowners has led to a huge diminution in the demand for British steam coal. Formerly also Britain used to send large supplies of coal to the European continent, but the war forced the development of local coalfields there, and the resort to oil and waterpower as sources of fuel. The coal imports of these European countries from Britain have been reduced by millions of tons, and the possibilities of some of their domestic coalfields are now discovered to be enormous; in Upper Silesia alone, for instance, it is estimated that there are available 86,245,000,000 tons of good coal down to a level of a little over 3,000 feet. Moreover the German collieries have got rid of their debentures and other charges by paying them off in worthless marks at a nominal value, and mines were provided with fresh equipment at a low cost during the inflation period. Again, the French collieries, which the Germans had ruined, have been completely re-equipped on the most modern lines, nominally out of reparation funds, but really at the cost of the French taxpayer. In practically all these continental countries wages are below the British scale and working hours are longer, and it became gradually clear that Britain could only regain many of her old markets by underselling her competitors and that such underselling was only possible through smaller costs of production.

In the view of mineowners the proper approach to this goal was a lowering of wages and a lengthening of hours, and they accordingly utilized some months ago their privilege of giving notice of the termination of the present agreement. Their representatives expressed a willingness to conclude a fresh agreement whereby the proportion of the returns available for profits should be raised to 13 per cent. and other alterations made, but the leaders of the miners with the almost unanimous backing of their rank and file cate-

(Continued on page 381).

CO-OPERATION AND THE GRAIN TRADE

THE most important annual event in Canada is the harvesting of our wheat crop. No other single occurrence bears such an intimate relation to the material well-being and general prosperity of all our people, and a large part of our population have their lives governed and conditioned by the number of bushels of good quality wheat that may be reaped from an average acre sown to this crop. This applies notably to the Western provinces, which now produce ninety per cent. of our wheat—the Province of Saskatchewan, of late years, having grown about sixty per cent. of the Canadian total. To the farmer, the yield per acre is not always the first consideration, since the world price per bushel is frequently a factor of even greater importance. For example, in 1920 we produced two hundred and sixty million bushels, valued at four hundred and twenty-seven million dollars, while, in the following year, although the crop was increased by forty million bushels, the value had declined by one hundred and eighty million dollars. The average price in this one year dropped from \$1.60 to 80 cents a bushel. Here was a case where the grain grower worked harder and raised larger crops, only to see his returns cut in half. In the two years, 1921-22, the farmers of the West were supplying a large part of the world with bread at a net loss to themselves of millions of dollars, as it is well established that at the present time the cost to the farmer of growing wheat is in excess of \$1.00 a bushel.

The farmer cannot hope to exercise any control over the price of wheat, as this is governed by the world supply and demand; and he has wisely concentrated on an effort to obtain as large a percentage as possible of the price paid by the consumer. The growth of the co-operative movement, particularly in the West, during the past two years, is an economic event of the first magnitude, and if this development is continued for a decade the status of the agriculturist may be improved beyond recognition. More than fifty per cent. of the grain from the Prairie Provinces is now handled by co-operative pools, and by large scale and orderly marketing the pool is able to retain for the grower a large part of the profit which formerly was absorbed by dealers and speculators.

Towards the end of the last session at Ottawa a revised edition of the Canada Grain Act was rushed through the House, and reading between the lines of the debate on this bill one can see something of the struggle that is taking place between the farmers and the vested interests of the grain trade for control of the means of distribution. The country elevators, where the bulk of the grain is received from the farmers and is weighed and graded before being shipped

to the terminal elevators, are largely owned or controlled by the same interests that operate the terminal elevators at points such as Fort William, Port Arthur, and Vancouver. It is in these great terminal elevators that the grain is manipulated in the interests of the 'trade'. For instance, a carload of No. 1 Northern may be mixed with No. 2, and the mixture re-graded as No. 1 Northern. This is, of course, perfectly legal so long as the mixture measures up to the standards set for the No. 1 Northern, but the result is that large quantities of wheat for which the farmer received a medium grade price is resold by the elevator at the highest grade price—the profit derived from such mixing sometimes running as high as from seventy-five to one hundred dollars a carload. In addition, the elevator makes a considerable profit from the sale of screenings. On every carload the country elevator, when giving the grower his receipt, allows for a dockage of four or five per cent. for broken grain, wild buckwheat, and other weed seeds, and a large part of these screenings are afterwards re-cleaned and sold to the Eastern farmer at a good price for stock-feeding.

These perquisites of the trade the farmer is inclined to retain for himself, and the pool now controls certain of the terminal elevators. The western

farmers tried to have incorporated in the Grain Act a section that would give the grower power to designate the particular terminal elevator to which his wheat should be shipped, but an amendment to this effect was defeated, and, in consequence, a member of the pool cannot forward his grain to a pool terminal if it is shipped through a country elevator. It is probable that this year a much larger percentage of cars will be loaded by the farmers at the sidings and shipped to the terminal elevators direct, and if the present section of the Act remains unchanged, the farmers' co-operative organizations will, in time, purchase or construct their own country elevators. Nor is there any reason why they should stop here. As the associations become more wealthy they might erect flour mills and manufacture their own product.

So far as the immediate future is concerned, everything points to an unusually good year for the West. The experts are estimating a three hundred and fifty million bushel crop, with a prospect of good prices for all grain. As the financial press informs us, this will enable the farmer to liquidate a large part of his indebtedness, and although in this case the creditors would seem to be the main beneficiaries, we trust that some part of this great wealth will remain in the farmer's pocket.

COMMUNITY COAL

BY J. FRANCIS WHITE

HERE is no need to stress the vital importance of coal in the multifarious activities that go to make up what we know as modern civilization. There is a fair prospect that one of these days our physicists and engineering technicians may discover some means of utilizing direct solar energy on a large scale, the forces latent in the mighty atom may be harnessed to man's desires, or some hitherto unknown source of power may be revealed; but until these dynamic possibilities are realized, vast quantities of coal must be fed into our furnaces that the wheels of industry shall merrily revolve. In spite of the utilization of hydro-electric energy on an ever-increasing scale, our consumption of coal is threefold greater than a quarter of a century ago. In the year 1900 some ten million tons satisfied our requirements, a decade later our annual needs were in excess of twenty millions, and by 1920 no less than thirty million tons were devoted to keeping the home fires burning. Incidentally, the average price has mounted to double the pre-war figure, so that our collective coal bill is now six times greater than it was in 1900.

Providence has treated Canada liberally in respect to our available fuel supply, as it is estimated that one-seventh of the world's reserve is situated

in the Dominion; and if we continued to consume it at our present rate it would be rather more than forty thousand years before the last shovelful rattled into the furnace. But it is unfortunate that the distribution of these resources does not coincide with our more important industrial areas and, for this reason, although our national cellar is so well stocked, we have been obliged to purchase over fifty per cent. of our fuel from the United States. Ontario's ration is nearly a third of the national consumption, and as it is situated at the greatest distance from the Canadian fields this Province takes about two-thirds of our total imports.

For heating purposes, in this central area, the householder depends mainly upon imported anthracite; but in the near future the substitution of other fuels will be advisable, as it is believed that the fields of Pennsylvania will be exhausted in forty or fifty years. Like Canada, the United States has resources of soft or bituminous coal that are good for hundreds, if not thousands, of years; but hard coal is limited to a comparatively small area, and the next generation may see its finish. As this supply dwindles, it is reasonable to expect that there will be a popular demand for an embargo on the export of anthracite, and we will avoid much

annoyance and distress if we anticipate this by arranging for other fuels to take its place. It should be realized that there is a great difference between the hard and soft coal industries in the United States. Anthracite is a natural monopoly, the output has reached its maximum, and the supply never quite equals the demand; but in the case of soft coal the industry is greatly over-developed; the army of bituminous miners is something like 200,000 over strength, and, if men and equipment were worked to capacity, a third more coal would be produced than could be used. With this situation, it is obvious that while the United States would be rather pleased to cut off our supply of anthracite, the American operators are anxious to retain, and, if possible, to increase their exports to Canada of other fuels.

It is generally admitted that, as it is at present constituted, our system of handling coal is unsatisfactory. The miner is in revolt against bad working conditions and inadequate pay, the ultimate consumer is paying too much for heat and power, and, in addition, more than half the potential wealth contained in the product is completely wasted. If we wish to reorganize the business on the principle of the greatest good to the greatest number, we should realize at the outset that there are two problems to be faced; how best to remodel our system of production in the interests of the workers, and what changes can be made in the distribution scheme for the relief of the consumer. In dealing with the first problem it is clear that 'nationalization', *i.e.*, government ownership of the mines, is not in itself the solution we are searching for, because the mines of Nova Scotia are already owned by the government of that Province. Government operation is quite another matter, and whether this would be more or less successful than capitalistic control would depend entirely upon the form of administration instituted by the state. There has been endless discussion of the relative merits of public and private operation of utilities, but much of the argument put forward on both sides has been so amorphous and unsophisticated that the general public is completely mystified, and the outline of the subject is lost in a haze of dialectics. To make a bald statement that collective ownership and operation, as such, is either better or worse than a system of individualist competition is an absurdity. That such statements are made is a tribute to the fatuous popular demand for simplification of intricate problems. The fact should be obvious that collectivism might be a tremendous improvement on our present system, and it could easily be a great deal worse.

It is simple enough to find concrete examples.

The Ontario Hydro-Electric System may not be quite so efficiently managed as the Ford motor works, but its organization is immeasurably superior to that of the late Home Bank, and the Canadian National Railways show indications of better management than, say, the British Empire Steel Corporation. It is probable that, in order to obtain the best results under public operation, the forms of administration should vary in different industries. If the Province of Nova Scotia were to attempt to operate its coal fields on a highly centralized bureaucratic basis, under political direction such as exists in Post Office service, it would almost inevitably prove to be a failure; but if the industry were administered on the lines suggested in the Coal Industry Commission Bill (Great Britain, 1919) based on the Sankey report, or the miners' federation bill of the same year, both of which were unfortunately rejected, a great improvement in the working conditions, without cost to the consumer, might reasonably be anticipated. One of the main features of this plan would be that the general policy of the industry, and the actual management, would be kept quite distinct. The first would be decided by a Public Service Commission, appointed by the Government; but the operation of the mines would be controlled by district and local boards, which would be composed of a given percentage of managers and technicians, miners, and government appointees to represent the consumer. The essential feature of this programme is that the workers, through their representatives, would have a measure of control over their conditions of employment. It seems likely that this is the lowest price that we can pay for peace in our coal fields. There are perhaps 100,000 miners and their dependents in Canada, and the well-being of these people should be a first charge on the industry. As private enterprise is unable to guarantee a fair livelihood to the workers, we shall be obliged sooner or later to devise a plan of public operation under which coal will be mined without exploitation of the miners.

Suppose these changes were put into effect, what benefits would accrue to the consumer? It is doubtful if he would gain very much through the substitution of public for private operation. The price of coal at the pit-head is seldom more than a third, and is sometimes less than a quarter of the sum paid by the citizen for a load delivered at his residence; and it is in the reduction of costs which are attached to the product after it leaves the mine that the consumer must look for relief. This may be accomplished by another form of public ownership, namely, municipal control of distribution. It is reported that Sir Adam Beck had proposed that the Hydro System should construct an auxiliary

steam power plant in Toronto, one of the features of which would be the production of coke and by-products from bituminous coal. If this undertaking is a success, and is extended to other large towns and cities, Sir Adam may be remembered for instituting a work that may, in time, be of greater value to the community than the Hydro-Electric System. In this plan there is an ambitious project for central heating on a large scale. It is proposed that a trial shall be made of heating an entire city block from the plant, and if the results are satisfactory, the heating system will be extended to serve a large part of the city. In addition there will be considerable quantities of coke produced, which could be supplied to the public at a low cost, and this fuel is a very fair substitute for anthracite. Moreover, all the valuable by-products of bituminous coal which ordinarily go up in smoke would be salvaged. These products are tremendously valuable, as they include ammonium sulphate (which is rich in nitrogen and is an excellent fertilizer) benzol, coal-tar and many of its derivatives such as dyes and chemicals of various kinds.

It is large comprehensive plans such as these that will help to build up the spacious communities that the imaginative engineer envisages for the near future. If the Nova Scotia mines were operated by the Province, and a series of municipal

coking plants were in operation in all the cities of the Central and Eastern Provinces, these public utilities could co-operate in a system of distribution by which the coal could be shipped by water to all the towns on the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes. This should bring down the cost to a point where it could compete favourably with American fuel, and would more than double the market for Maritime coal. The cities might in time provide heat for large areas from central plants, coke could be supplied at a low rate to the suburbs and outlying points, and gas could be sold for domestic use at cost. Farming districts would be greatly benefited by a supply of valuable fertilizer, and the tar could be utilized to build up a system of first-class macadamized roads in Eastern Canada that might, in time, compare favourably with the excellent roadways in Great Britain. If Ontario's entire consumption of bituminous coal went through a by-product plant, it would provide us with sixty million gallons of tar every year.

All this wealth is available to the community just so soon as we have sufficient wisdom to put our natural resources to the best use. Moses perished in sight of the Promised Land, but our case is even more distressing. The land surrounds us on all sides and we are blind to the promise that it contains.

A FLAG OR A TRADE-MARK?

BY H. MUNRO THOMAS

Although we are glad to print this original contribution of the flag controversy, it must not be assumed that we are in agreement with all the opinions it expresses.—ED.

WE all know the section of the Canadian press which is the first to greet any innocent ebullition of patriotic sentiment with the sneer, 'Flag-waving'. They have been the self-constituted protectors of phlegmatic symbolism. They would keep the flag, like the King, outside of current politics—indeed at times it seems they would remove them both from our political constitution altogether. But these flag Puritans have sadly backslid of late. They are all busy these days inventing new bunting and running it up their masthead. There is the Toronto effort to plaster the Union Jack with a tinsel leaf; there is the Winnipeg yearning to remove this leaf to a discreet distance from the Union Jack and plant it in a red field—presumably to worry the John Bulls thereby. Then there are significant suggestions about 'stars', and even the national rodent, having been removed from our national arms, is to return to the new flag. There is only one point on which these

imaginative scribes agree. They would force the Union Jack to be the flag of only a section of the nation. When the flag was jockeyed into this position in Ireland its day was over. When our local imitators of Sinn Fein achieve the same end for the flag here, it also will come upon sorry days; and then each Liberal newspaper will lead us out in the name of national unity under a different combination of heraldry and cubism.

First of all, the Union Jack, as such, is the distinctive and only symbol of that part of the Empire (irrespective of race) that follows the British constitution. In the Army it is the 'King's Colour', and this it remains everywhere. There is no super-national institution known as the Empire apart from its members—these new nationalists of ours should surely know this. The King is our King as 'King of the British Dominions', not as Emperor. The Empire is a sentimental union of kingdoms, and the symbol within each kingdom is the royal

emblem, the Union Jack. The only apparent exception is that portion of the Empire where the King is not sovereign, that is in the Irish Free State, where the King's authority is, under the new constitution, that of 'Head of the executive', like the French President. This is for many of us a regrettable fact, but we should remember that the change from the Union Jack to the Tricolour in Ireland was accompanied with the actual creation of a republican form of government, though its nominal head is the King—a point in the Irish constitution generally unknown. Many Sinn Feiners under the Free State would have accepted in their flag an imperial emblem, as would our own nationalists. But the significant fact is that the Union Jack is the peculiar symbol of our constitution, and its amendment in a republican direction is the only significance of a change of flag. Our flag enthusiasts in their welter of banners should be reminded that after all their true colours are Republican.

Wherever there is possibility of confusion between the Union Jack as our flag, and the Union Jack as symbol of some other unit of the Empire (that is, on the high seas or with Canadian representatives abroad) we have already a distinctive emblem—the red ensign with our arms upon it. There is no more confusion in Canada with the Union Jack than there is in the United States with the Stars and Stripes, though the latter is also the flag of the Philippine Islands and of Porto Rico.

But if they insist that we amend the Union Jack, how should we go about it? If the present flag were a sort of heraldic bouquet of roses and thistles and shamrocks, then the proper addition for a Canadian would be a Maple Leaf. But our flag is not a cluster of vegetation. If our flag were a composite menagerie of the British lion on its 'tummy', of the Scotch lion standing on its tail, and of the national Irish animal (whatever it might be), our proper addition to this startling banner would be the beaver. But the flag is nothing like this whatever.

The Union Jack consists obviously of the crosses of the patron saints of the three ethnic elements in the Union. The proper Canadian addition would be the cross of the Canadian patron saint. But there is no recognized patron saint for all Canada. For us the proper national symbol would be a unified assembly of the crosses of our ethnic origins—English, Irish, Scotch, and French. And there are patron saints and crosses for all these elements. So the proper addition for a Canadian version of the flag would be the superimposition on the Union Jack of the French patronal cross—that is, the cross of Saint John the Baptist. Surely there are no fer-

vent nationalists who are going to object to a Tory suggestion that St. Jean-Baptiste is to be united to St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Patrick?

What is the cross of St. John the Baptist? It is a vertical white cross on a blue field. Now let us see how it could be added to the flag. A mere glance will reveal the astonishing historical coincidence that it is already included in our flag! The makers of the second Union Jack of 1801 (our present one) had to give the cross of St. George of England a white border. But this border runs through the blue field of St. Andrew, and quite innocently the Union Jack emerged with, and still contains, not three crosses, but four, and the accidental fourth one is the cross of St. John the Baptist, the patron of the fourth ethnical element in our united Canada. This flag, which since the Irish revolution is not very accurate for the United Kingdom, turns out to be most appropriate for Canada of all parts of the Empire. The complete resolution of the racial elements of the nation into a single whole has been accidentally effected in the Union Jack. For no country is it a happier emblem than for Canada.

But there is a final danger in this insidious flag chatter. The excessive use of the flag is a peculiarly republican idiosyncrasy. Our national anthem is 'God Save the King'; its only popular rival, the French 'O Canada', is still more specifically religious, and closes with the words '*pour Christ et le Roi*'. These national moral symbols are peculiar to our political habits. But the national anthem of our neighbours, that celebrated tongue-twister, 'Oh, say, do you see', is a flag song, and a flag song alone. It is this empty trade-mark sort of symbolism that is blatantly asserting itself in Canada to-day. It is neither British nor native. If the vegetative flag should replace the Union Jack, we could then compose a new national hymn to the noble sentiment of its symbolism, that would read like an advertisement: 'The British Empire, Maple Leaf Brand, not as good as the American original, but a very good imitation'. Our nationalists are eager to preserve our autonomy and to create equality for us in the Empire. But they are the people, of all people, who declare that the Imperial flag is the British national flag and not ours at all. They would follow the Union Jack as an imperial symbol at the very time they insist it is exclusively a badge of the British Isles. The Tory Canadian realizes a truer nationalism when he insists that the Union Jack, the Imperial flag, is not one whit less Canadian than British. If the component parts of the Empire want separate flags, let the British Isles change before we do. Our Union Jack flew at Quebec as soon as it did in Westminster, and it shall fly as long.

THE OPPORTUNITY OF THE CITY

BY RICHARD DE BRISAY

THE average Canadian citizen to-day is commonly worried over the state of his country: he knows it has natural wealth in greater measure than most, a high standard of industrial equipment, and a people lacking neither in character nor intelligence; yet somehow, although his leaders tell him that it is in the van of progress, it appears to be only marking time; industry remains depressed, money is scarce, and unemployment is a perennial curse. 'What's wrong with Canada?' is becoming a common question wherever Canadians foregather. We are beginning to realize that 'more people on the land' will not remedy our condition, since there is not a market for the produce of those already on it, and that higher protection for our industries is no panacea for our ills. We conclude that our rulers are incompetent and incorrigibly torpid, that better men are badly needed in public life, and that things will not improve until the ordinary citizen (confound him!) takes more interest in public affairs; and then we go out and whack a golf-ball to freshen us up for the next round in our fight for a fair share of what money there is in our unprogressive country.

The basic cause of the present stagnation is probably that, in common with most western nations, we are suffering from the fact that we have not yet adjusted our social, financial, and industrial systems to the new conditions which the advances of science have brought about. One man to-day can produce what the labour of two or three was required to produce a generation ago. In providing the necessities, and what are considered the proper luxuries, of life, there is not work for everybody—and it is extremely improbable that there ever will be again. The only remedy for this condition would seem to be a readjustment of social and economic systems that would enable our consuming power to equal our newly-acquired productive power, and when that is attained life will be better and infinitely fuller for us all.

But so radical a change in our social order will not be easily consummated: it is probable that for a considerable time to come Canadians will have the same difficulties to contend with in the development of their country that they face to-day; and I am only concerned here with one means by which it might be possible to alleviate the present depression and tide us over the period of transition until we bring our national life into harmony with the conditions of its new environment.

It is a well-known fact that in periods of depres-

sion those who have money are chary of lending it, with the result that many sound enterprises are forced to retrench or are prevented from developing by the tightening up of credit. Bankers and financiers may have the money that industry needs, but they will refuse credit to many private enterprises which they would be glad to support in better times. And so, at the very time when money is most needed in circulation, it is withheld. But although private enterprise may have difficulty in securing credit, it is still possible for cities to obtain it for sound municipal enterprises backed by the wealth and prestige of large communities. It would seem reasonable, then, that in times like these our City Fathers should take the initiative; and if they would do so, they might not only play a large part in stimulating industry in general, but at the same time greatly benefit their own citizens. Most people, it is true, will recoil from the idea of their municipalities borrowing more money when taxes are already considered an insupportable burden; but if those in control of our larger cities could be induced to project and carry out far-sighted schemes of city-planning, together with a further development of municipal building and ownership, they would find, I think, that it was possible to make remarkable and costly improvements to their cities (improvements on a scale that would materially reduce unemployment and stimulate native industries) which would pay for themselves and put no extra burden on the back-strained taxpayers.

One might take Toronto as a case in point. Toronto is failing to make the most of her rich opportunities, with the result that her citizens are not only poorer than they need be, but suffer inconveniences daily in a dozen different ways which could be obviated by a constructive and radical programme of city planning and city building. Torontonians have made it their objective to have Toronto 'The Convention City' of the continent, and they already get a large number of national and international conventions owing to the city's fortunate geographical position and the facilities offered by the grounds and buildings of the Canadian National Exhibition. But if their city as a whole was planned even as efficiently as their Exhibition Park, it would get double the conventions that it does now; more tourists would visit it, and more industry would be attracted to it. Any money judiciously spent now on city planning would bring a more than adequate return in the increasing wealth that would flow into the city.

Several municipal enterprises suggest themselves to one living in Toronto which should bring a direct return that would cover their cost. Toronto has, for instance, more motors than any other city in the country; down-town parking space is urgently needed, and eventually it will be necessary to construct it. (The patented 'ramp', by the way, is probably not the last word in motor-housing.) Now if City Planning and Building Commissions were operating with the necessary authority, proper motor *crèches* would be laid out and constructed in the best positions without delay, and they would pay for their cost while at the same time giving the citizens better and cheaper service than they could get from private enterprise.

Another self-supporting venture which might properly be undertaken by Toronto is the building of a great city temple of music. Toronto is regarded as a city of music-lovers, famous for its Mendelssohn Choir and for the enthusiasm with which it receives the innumerable *prima donnas*, violinists, cellists, pianists, quartets, and orchestras of international fame that visit it yearly on their American tours; the five o'clock concerts of its New Symphony Orchestra are popular in a city of tea-drinkers; yet this city receives its own musicians and its distinguished visitors in a hall whose proportions and decoration alike are insulting to the artists and revolting to their audiences. There is no reason why Toronto should not have a hall fit to house great music, in which its citizens could take a decent pride, and which need cost them not a penny of additional taxes.

It is said that in Toronto there is at present no housing question; but no one can walk through the city's purlieus and say that the housing situation is satisfactory. A few years ago when there was considered to be a 'housing shortage' the city went into the building trade and gained valuable experience; and the Toronto Housing Company, which built a number of charming residences to be rented at cost, is still operating to the great satisfaction of its tenants. There is no reason why the city should not go into the housing business on a large scale; in fact, there is every reason why it should. And there is no earthly reason why the business should not pay for itself if it were operated in conjunction with a City Planning Commission; for with zones established and the development of the city mapped out, there would be none of the uncertainty as to the future that there is at present; there need be no depreciation of values until long after the initial cost of the buildings had been covered, and in most cases their value would increase. Realtors and speculators would, of course, oppose the scheme; but the time is passing when

one interested class can coerce a community.

And as, in time, municipal ownership develops in Toronto (as it will), and the heat supply and the milk supply and the bread supply of the citizens are owned and distributed by the municipality (as they will be), new administrative and industrial buildings will be required by the city; and if a Planning Commission is at work in co-operation with a progressive City Council it will, every time a new civic building is needed, knock down a block of the slum that moulders in the heart of the town, rebuild the entire block in a manner to blend with its general design, house the civic industry in part of it, and rent the rest on long lease to private enterprise. So that eventually a day may come when visiting Futurists at international conventions will shed tears of joy to find themselves at last in the stark and shining city of their dreams. That is about the best we can hope for Toronto.

Toronto serves to illustrate an argument that applies to all our cities in greater or less degree. The gravest objection to these practical suggestions is that the present type of City Father in many of our towns is hardly one to be entrusted with projects calling for the taste and judgment and administrative qualities that would be essential to make these operations a success, and that citizens might even hesitate to entrust them with the distribution of sums of the magnitude that would be entailed. This is a state of affairs for which we have only ourselves and our immediate Victorian ancestors to thank. For so long have we insisted on private virtue as the first essential to public life that we have naturally arrived at a point where we are quite satisfied if our public men are untainted by private scandal, and regard as of secondary importance any peccadilloes of a merely financial character to which the opportunities of public life seduce them. Not so long ago I asked a judge in one of our richest cities what he thought of his mayor. 'Well', he replied with a tolerant shrug, 'I have convicted him twice.' But I found that the mayor's past offences had only consisted of defrauding the public: his private life was impeccable; his wife appeared with him on all public occasions, and they were regarded as an ideal couple of whom the populace was worthily proud.

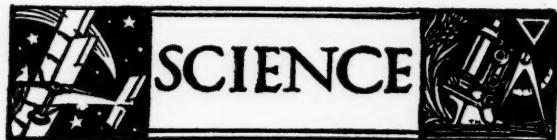
It seems to me that the surest way to secure better civic administrators is to make their responsibilities so great that citizens can no longer afford to permit second-rate men access to office. One of the most singular problems of our day is the apathy of our citizens towards their own affairs; the better types do not seek public office, and many of them do not even bestir themselves to cast a vote in municipal elections. But if civic politics were

concerned with such matters as we are considering, I think these phlegmatic householders would soon begin to take a lively interest in them; those who hoped to be allowed to serve their city would be much more sternly scrutinized than at present, and before very long the type that is most flagrantly objectionable would be seen in our Council Chambers no more.

The very fact that civic positions would be of such major importance and such an interesting character would soon draw better men into the arena of civic politics. When the London County Council took to public works on a grand scale it got Lord Rosebery for its chairman; and he did better work and harder work in that capacity than he ever did in Parliamentary office. In Canada it should be comparatively easy to lure good men into civic office since we live in a democracy, have no aristocracy, and consequently there is nothing real existing in the way of class or custom to make positions of city government second-rate. The conception of municipal office as a second-rate occupation for a first-rate citizen is only an inherited tradition from an age and society whose whole life was different from ours in Canada to-day, and should be easily discarded by a people as independent and original as Canadians pride themselves on being.

I have taken Toronto to illustrate my conception of what a city should and could do in the way of development; and it is in Toronto that one sees most hope for proper civic growth. The objections of the reactionary and unimaginative can there be confounded by the success of the varied activities of the Transportation, Harbour, and Hydro Commissions; and the fact that these immense municipal enterprises have developed in the past few years is proof of a growing spirit of citizenship. Of the city's net debt, which is only 142 millions, two-thirds has been spent on enterprises which are self-supporting and paying for their cost. And Toronto is assured of a prosperous future by the very nature of its environment. It has a fine harbour on one of the great waterways of the world; it has for a background the richest agricultural belt in the Dominion and the wealthiest mineral district on the continent; and it has the greatest source of electric power in America to serve its industrial needs. Such good fortune has its responsibilities, and it is for Toronto to lead the cities of Canada towards the higher developments of municipal life. As for the means to give such ideas the necessary impetus, they will be found in the numerous business and social organizations through one or another of which every solid citizen is affiliated with his fellows: if their members could be made

to appreciate the advantages that would follow these developments they would work for them to a man. But a good deal of crying must be done in the wilderness before it can be made to blossom like the rose, and it is for such special organizations as The Civic Guild to do the crying. Now is the time for them to lift their voices, for their country's need is their city's opportunity.



A GREAT ADVANCE IN CANCER RESEARCH*

NOW that the reports of the British workers on cancer have come to hand, we are able to form an opinion about the value of their findings. The newspaper reports were encouraging, but the experimental evidence we have now before us is sufficient to convince any unprejudiced person that a great advance has been made towards a solution of the cancer problem. We do not suggest that the findings of Gye and Barnard are not open to criticism, that their present conceptions may not be alterable in detail, or deny that more evidence is still wanting on many points to make our faith as strong as that which leads us to believe that the sun will rise to-morrow morning. Indeed, much of their evidence may yet be overturned, though we have no reason to suppose so, but it is not conceivable that it can all be overturned.

To appreciate the significance of the results of Gye and Barnard some understanding of the previous development of cancer research is necessary.

Before 1911 some animal tumours had been transplanted and successfully grown in other animals of the same species; but little attention appears to have been paid to these reports by pathologists who were chiefly interested in human cancers. Human cancers were divided by pathologists into two distinct classes, carcinomata and sarcomata, which originated in distinct tissues and had characteristic microscopic or morphological features. But although animal tumours seemed to be classifiable either as carcinomata or sarcomata, there were always differences in detailed structure from the types of cancer found in man. Moreover, the transplantation method of infection was of little interest to those concerned only with the etiology of human cancers. In 1911, however, Rous, of the Rockefeller Institute, described the transference of a sarcoma found in a fowl by the injection of a cell-free extract

*See *The Lancet*, July 18th, 1925.

of the tumour into another fowl. This was a very disturbing finding to those who did not ignore it, for it pointed to a bacterial origin for cancer, a view which was almost heresy to orthodox pathologists. This tumour, known as Rous sarcoma No. 1 could not be transferred to mammals, and at first could be transferred only to the same variety of hen as that in which it was originally found—a Plymouth Rock. It had thus a very strictly specific infectivity.

With the publication of the work of Gye and Barnard the significance of Rous's finding is now evident. Gye repeated and confirmed Rous's work on chicks. In about a fortnight after the injection of a definite amount of tumour extract he found the beginnings of a tumour which killed the chick in a month. When he used smaller amounts of extract the time of appearance of the tumour and of subsequent death was postponed. Using one tenth the original amount, no tumour appeared even after thirty-five days. It struck Gye that proportionality in such narrow limits between dose and effect was not characteristic of living microbes, and this suggested to him the presence of some chemical factor.

Gye next investigated the duration of infectivity of his tumour extracts and found that under the most favourable conditions the power of the extracts to produce a tumour was lost within a week. This again was not what might be expected if the infective agent were a germ, and the existence of some chemical substance which decomposed on standing was again suggested.

Now, Rous had previously shown that tumour extracts lost their infectivity after treatment with chloroform, phenol and other similar substances. It appeared to Gye that the chloroform was acting on some living agent and not on the chemical factor which he presumed disappeared from extracts on standing. He proved this by showing that the extract which had stood to allow decomposition of the chemical factor did not produce a tumour when injected in a definite amount into a chick, that the chloroform-treated extract did not produce a tumour when similarly injected, but when the same amount of a mixture of the extracts was injected, a tumour was produced which killed the chick in thirty-eight days. This finding was many times confirmed.

Now, he reasoned, it might be possible by centrifugation of a medium containing both germ and chemical factor to separate the two; the germ, even if very small, would tend to go to the bottom of the tube whilst the chemical factor would stay in solution in the supernatant fluid. This was tried

fifteen times, and thirteen times it was found that the supernatant and sediment when injected separately did not produce a tumour, but when aliquot portions of each were injected together tumours were produced. Considering the difficulty of the technique in this series of experiments, Gye's success in thus confirming the dual nature of cancer infectivity is remarkable.

The next great achievement recorded in Gye's paper was the successful cultivation of the living organism *in vitro*. From an eighth subculture of fresh extract along with the chloroform treated filtrate, a tumour was produced which killed a chick on the twenty-eighth day, although neither the subculture nor the chloroform filtrate when given separately produced any tumour. Now, an eighth subculture in this particular case means that the original extract was diluted something like ten thousand billion billion times. Any chemical substance would thus be diluted practically out of existence, and at the same time some organism must have reproduced enormously. Rous went only so far as to refer to an 'agent' rendered innocuous by chloroform, but it would appear that Gye's achievement now gives him justification for assuming the presence of a living organism and for calling it a 'virus'.

The question then was, were mammalian tumours produced in a manner similar to the chicken tumour known as Rous sarcoma No. 1? No mammalian tumour had yet been reproduced by cell-free filtrates from other tumours.

Gye's first success was with the mouse sarcoma known as 37/S which had hitherto been regarded as a non-filterable tumour. The secret of success there was the method of strict anaerobic incubation employed, a method which according to Gye retards the decomposition of the chemical factor. The chemical factor in the case of 37/S appears to be either more unstable or less plentiful in mouse cancer than is the chemical factor in chicken cancer, and hence arises the difficulty in retaining infectivity in cell-free filtrates.

But even more remarkable than the finding that mouse sarcoma can be transmitted by cell-free filtrates is the new conception which has arisen out of Gye's work with other mammalian tumours—the conception that the same virus is responsible for all types of cancer and that differences in morphological characters are due to the different chemical factors at work. Thus Gye has succeeded in producing a true Rous sarcoma No. 1 in chicks by the use of a virus from a rat carcinoma, from a rat sarcoma, and from a human carcinoma. The chemical factor used in each case

was that from the Rous sarcoma No. 1. It is thus the chemical factor which determines the type of cancer produced, and for this reason it is called by Gye the 'specific factor'.

The presence of a virus is shown with similar microscopic appearance in chicken sarcoma, mouse sarcoma, and human carcinoma, and that these contain one and the same virus is rendered highly probable if it is not yet proved up to the hilt in the report of Barnard which follows that of Gye. The photographs reproduced by Barnard were obtained under the strictest control conditions, and the microscopic findings corresponded throughout the research with the results of experiment on animals.

It has become almost a cult in informed circles to scoff at any reported advance in cancer research. This attitude of scepticism has arisen through the fraudulent claims of cancer cures continually being foisted on the public. But in the present instance the experimental evidence leaves no room for scepticism. There is much more that we should like to have been told, but when we consider that we have been made acquainted all at once with at least four great achievements—(1) the discovery that two factors are necessary for infection with cancer, (2)

the successful cultivation of the cancer virus, (3) the discovery that specificity depends on a chemical factor, and (4) the rendering visible of the cancer virus—we can only admire the patience of the workers in so long deferring publication.

The immediate effect of the work of Gye and Barnard will be to switch the whole stream of cancer research into new channels. What has long been called the cancer problem has been a veritable chaos of difficulty. Rather than 'problem', it would have been more exact to have spoken of the cancer enigma, for authorities were all at loggerheads with a dogmatism that was only too sure a sign of ignorance. Thus, according to *The Lancet*, an American authority recently said: 'There are many things which we do not know about cancer to-day, but there is one thing that we do know and that is that it is not of germ origin.' For the first time in its history cancer research has now acquired a direction. Instead of the old state of affairs where the worker on cancer never knew quite what to do, the work of Gye and Barnard has opened up a score of suggested lines of enquiry. These we are quite sure will be well tested before we have any more vague speculations about the etiology of cancer.

PESTLE.

CANADIAN ART AT WEMBLEY

BY RUPERT LEE

IN the Art of Canada we see strong evidences of that desire which countries, especially younger countries, have to develop an art of their own, a national art. This I imagine to be in part wilful and negative—negative in that it is a desire to be unlike to other countries—but principally positive in being a wish to express the wild and unexplored beauties of a new landscape. Nor does this cover the whole of the objective influences at work in the fashioning of this young school of painting. In a great new country like Canada, whose extent can only be realized by looking at the map, the hope of civilization lies in the possibilities of land development, agriculture, and the building of towns. It is interesting, therefore, to notice that while among the works of those painters who found their style upon a kind of imported academic the subject has generally little that reminds us of Canada, the work of those we may regard as the moderns has a strong patriotic tendency.

Lawren Harris, for instance, carries his enthusiasm to that pitch where he is almost in danger of producing the receipt for painting Canadian landscape—a receipt, however, which is fortunately possible of great development. His principal interest is in form and construction to which colour

becomes a secondary and adjunctive consideration. I feel that a little more variety in the texture of his masses would add greatly to the strength of his design. A certain pithy monotony in the tree forms of his landscape spoils for me what would otherwise be a rich, sombre, and impressive design. I was rather disappointed to be able to find only two paintings by this artist, as he appears to lead the more constructive section of painters.

To this group belongs also Harold Beament, whose *The Bridge*, painted probably in England, shows a strong leaning towards a constructive and synthetic kind of art which is really of a very different intention from that of Tom Thomson and his sympathizers. The former inclines to use nature as a starting point for the construction of a work of art to be fashioned out of maturely considered and well-digested observation, while the latter relies on a sort of red-hot passion for the natural scene as immediately presented. Arthur Lismer belongs to this latter party. His *Happy Isles*, with its rich and gay colouring, has to a very great degree the quality of its title. One cannot but feel these artists' absorption in their subject, the desire to present which overrules in them all other activities so that the virtue of the painting is its



LUMBERJACK
A WOODCUT BY EDWIN HOLGATE
(SLIGHTLY ENLARGED FROM ORIGINAL)

freshness, while its failing is a lack of organization. Of the same category also, with an illustrative bias, are Clarence A. Gagnon's *Late Winter Morning* and *Village in the Laurentian Mountains*, and Thomas G. Greene's *The Express Stand*. These bring the scene very vividly before one's eyes so that, without having been there, one seems to know the place. The latter has a quite extraordinary sense of coldness and atmosphere. But it remains nevertheless an illustration, and this I think is its fault. While art remains illustrative it fails—as a celebrated Greek philosopher has observed—to become sufficiently worth while pursuing.

When it comes to the question of portraits the case is, of course, somewhat different. A portrait may serve different purposes. One does not need to repeat that there are portraits in the world which are very great works of art, while there are others, justly famous, whose interest is principally historical. It is the curious inverted aesthetic of portrait painting that the depicting of the human character takes precedence over the pictorial values; therefore, unless the artist can get both these elements in solution, he is bound to fall short of a proper fulfilment. They are contrary elements which will not mix, though they may be fused. I cannot feel sure that Frederick Varley has succeeded in this fusion. He has, however, succeeded very well, I should conjecture, in his presentation of character. I do not mean to belittle them when I say that these portraits have great documentary value; as painting, however, I much prefer Edwin

H. Holgate's *Portrait*, which seems to me to have a completeness and a fusion of qualities comparable in some degree to the work of Cézanne. The same artist's *The Cellist* is also an admirable painting. This is excellently designed, and there is in it a very real sense of colour and drawing. I very much like also this artist's woodcuts, in which he shows himself as an understanding and constructive draughtsman.

Lastly, there are two works by the late James W. Morrice, who seems to be so much a Parisian that his inclusion in the Canadian school becomes merely accidental. The influences in his make-up are, however, rather subtle as they range over the whole of the French Impressionists and finally include Matisse. He has nevertheless a strong personal bias and his work can in no way be regarded as a *pastiche*. His *Rock of Gibraltar* with its foreground figure in Oxford trousers is the outcome of a moment richly felt and maturely considered. The odd rhythm of the design and the unusual truth of the colouring has that element of surprise inseparable from all works of art. It would be very interesting to see an assembled collection of his works.

It is the greatest difficulty of the critic that when he abandons generalization to refer to particular works he must string out a catalogue of disconnected remarks. Even then much must remain unsaid and much that is interesting is not referred to. As space would not allow I must content myself therefore with this cursive reference to what is a very stimulating and suggestive Exhibition.

FOUR POETS BY BARKER FAIRLEY

THOMAS HARDY

'Lord of the Wessex coast.' I see him smile
At easy tributes in imperial style.

But tribute must be his, for tribute's due.
Let one then serve the many, one the few,

Who hail, as men, the man beneath the dress:
'Master of knowledge bought with loneliness'.

EDWARD THOMAS

'He loved the country-side.' No doubt he did,
And knew the secret banks where violets hid.

But others knew them. Something more was his—
The gift to dream and know what dreaming is.

His mind at once so mild, so clearly lit,
Was both the mist and sun that scatters it.

A. E. HOUSMAN

Those Shropshire verses that I used to keep
And browse among like any Shropshire sheep

In pleasant shade nibbling the meadow-sweet
I cannot browse in now with aimless feet,

For now that I have lived and learned to feel
They show to me their hidden blades of steel.

C. M. DOUGHTY

What ancient groundswell from the world's dim
ways
Cast this gray traveller on modern days?

This English Adam, come with weary hands
From the old ocean and the desert sands,

Who dwelt and delved on, in our midst, alone
And touched our speech and turned it into stone.

THE VARIETIES OF HUMAN NATURE*

BY R. M. MACIVER

A BOOK like Jung's makes one hopeful of psychology. We travel out of the dim regions where men are seen as biological automata, where mind is explained by everything in nature except itself or where it is resolved into a strangely assorted bundle of instincts and sentiments, or where some master-impulse, like sex, pulls all the unconscious strings. Most works on psychology lack that fundamental insight without which the parade of scientific method is quite unconvincing. Jung possesses it.

He begins with the cardinal distinction between subject and object, that which thinks and feels and senses and that which is thought or felt or in some way apprehended. This indissoluble relationship expresses life itself. For us, as living beings, it is ultimate and eternal. Philosophy may yearn to transcend it, but science has here its frontier. But though we can never pass beyond it, within, so to speak, we are differently constituted. The *libido*, the psychic energy, may turn or flow towards either of the poles, inwardly towards the subject, or outwardly towards the object. Where the interest of the psyche is directed more towards the object, Jung calls it *extraversion*; if towards the subject, *introversion*. 'These opposite attitudes are merely opposite mechanisms—a diastolic going out and seizing of the object, and a systolic concentration and release of energy from the object seized. Every human being possesses both mechanisms as an expression of his natural life-rhythm.' But one or the other predominates, and so we have the basic division of character types into the introverts and the extraverts. In the former the subject's own state is 'the chief factor of motivation', in the latter the object.

Jung's next step is to take what he regards as the essential functions of the mind, namely, thinking, feeling, sensation, and intuition, and to subdivide the types according as one or another function is ascendant. So we arrive at eight main character-classes, and the scheme of the whole work is before us. Its task is to justify and explain and illumine this classification, and it is done with a subtlety of illustration and a breadth of comprehension which makes this book a signal achievement. Through the whole range of human experience, in history and legend, in religion and philosophy, in art and poetry, the author pursues his types. Possibly he pursues them too far, following them down the obscure paths of ancient scholarship and mystic vision. But his intimate knowledge

of actual life saves the argument, and at the last he returns to give us a remarkable series of definite descriptions of these eight character-types.

We can best convey to the reader the nature and method of the difficult enterprises on which Jung is engaged by selecting one of his types and quoting from the author's description. Let us take his 'extraverted intuitive type':

He seizes hold of new objects and new ways with eager intensity, sometimes with extraordinary enthusiasm, only to abandon them cold-bloodedly, without regard and apparently without remembrance, as soon as their range becomes clearly defined and a promise of considerable future development no longer clings to them. As long as a possibility exists, the intuitive is bound to it with thongs of fate. It is as though his whole life went out into the new situation. One gets the impression, which he himself shares, that he has just reached the definite turning point of his life, and that from now on nothing else can seriously engage his thought and feeling . . . The morality of the intuitive is governed neither by intellect nor by feeling; he has his own characteristic morality, which consists in a loyalty to his intuitive view of things and a voluntary submission to its authority. Consideration for the welfare of his neighbours is weak. No solid argument hinges upon their well-being any more than upon his own. Neither can we detect in him any great respect for his neighbour's convictions and customs: in fact, he is not infrequently put down as an immoral and ruthless adventurer. . . . Apparently this type is more prone to favour women than men; in which case, however, the intuitive activity reveals itself not so much in the professional as in the social sphere. Such women understand the art of utilizing every social opportunity; they establish right social connections; they seek out lovers with possibilities only to abandon everything again for the sake of a new possibility . . . Such a type is uncommonly important . . . His capacity to inspire his fellowmen with courage, or to kindle enthusiasm for something new, is unrivalled, although he may have forsaken it by the morrow. The more powerful and vivid his intuition, the more is his subject fused and blended with the divined possibility. He animates it; he presents it in plastic shape and with convincing fire; he almost embodies it. It is not a mere histrionic display, but a fate.

Here is no mere sketching of particular human traits, as an artist might paint a landscape whose ensemble happened to touch his imagination but whose parts belong together by no logical necessity. In the endless variety of human nature it seems as if almost any attributes might be combined in the same character. This gives the novelist his complete and perilous freedom. He has a box of a hundred colours and may blend them as he will. No one can object that the blending is inconsistent or untrue, for is not human nature full of surprises and inconsistencies? But if men do fall into basic types, conduct would become not only more understandable, but also more full of interest. It would seem less arbitrary, less

**Psychological Types*, by C. G. Jung, trans. by H. Godwyn Baynes (Harcourt, Brace).

subject to the sway of surface motives and occasional desires. We could understand better and forgive better. We could guard better against the dangerous tendencies of ourselves and of others. Some form and degree of order would appear in the psychical chaos.

This is the great task which Jung has undertaken. He does not, of course, seek to place human personalities in a set of neat pigeon-holes. Each type depends simply on the relative dominance of attitude or function, and there are compensatory counter-movements of the unconscious nature which make classification difficult. Only in psychopathic cases is the dominance complete, and then it leads to marked neuroses, forms of hysteria and neurasthenia. In normal cases it is a matter of delicate judgment to determine the categories into which individuals fall. If we venture to place ourselves and our acquaintances in these character-classes we appreciate the fact that Jung does not provide a series of easy labels. But he does help us to understand the complexities of human conduct, perhaps more assuredly than any other professed psychologist has yet done. And this is the highest praise any psychologist could ask.

The translation is complete and clear. It is a hard work to translate, and occasionally the language bears traces of a foreign origin.

THE FUTURE OF THE TORONTO ORCHESTRA

BY LUIGI VON KUNITS

Mr. von Kunits is the Conductor of the New Symphony Orchestra of Toronto, which he and his associates hope to establish on a permanent basis during the coming season.—ED.

NEVER was optimism more justified with regard to the artistic evolution of Toronto.

After the long period of stagnation during the war which killed a cultural development that had hardly begun, its people gradually bethought themselves of the higher aims and ideals of existence, and the silenced Muses were given another hearing.

Fortunately, a considerable number of excellent artists, passionately devoted to pioneer work, have always been resident in Toronto; and to them, not to the wandering minstrels and their applauded stunts, the rise of real musical culture within this community is due. If this city has at times been accused of being slow to wake up to its many opportunities to a degree very discouraging both to the professional and to the music-lover, this state of affairs can easily be excused by pointing out the economic difficulties that have continually been frustrating artistic efforts and the comparatively small percentage of people of large means and

many-sided culture who alone can appreciate and get interested in an evolution along these lines.

In this respect, however, the environment is constantly improving, and the time may yet come when we shall no longer be forced to listen to those odious comparisons with the flourishing art centres across the border where symphony orchestras spring up like mushrooms and their financial supporters cover enormous deficits with fabulous munificence.

Yet even if our orchestra cannot be built up to the proportions which unlimited wealth facilitates elsewhere, it can nevertheless fulfil its main mission as a staunch exponent of the musical classics. As such it is as indispensable as are libraries, universities, and art galleries. It can develop the artistic taste and insight of layman and student alike, and secure to them a mental stronghold doubly necessary in a time of creative upheaval.

For it cannot be gainsaid that our actual world of music shows the closest affinity with the third period of ancient Greek music, after the Peloponnesian war, when decadence began. We are told of some very radical reforms which music then underwent, of alterations introduced in the tonal system, of a new tonal doctrine asserting itself in hostile opposition to former tenets, and of an ever-increasing elaborateness and complexity in the practice of the art. Composers, we hear, luxuriated in an unprecedented technical development and lost themselves entirely in external splendor. Virtuosity flourished. The old music of the second period (of the times of the Persian wars) and the new, unmelodious lucubrations of the third were almost antagonistic; the judicious recognized the degeneration; but in vain they complained and in vain they pleaded for the restitution of an art more chaste, more ancient, and more sound.

We need not, however, follow ultra-conservative lines. A wholesale condemnation of modernistic methods would be just as irrational as the superior air which some of our contemporary geniuses affect toward the time-honoured classics. And it is the special province of our orchestra to stimulate the native growth and to afford opportunities of being heard to our native composers. It moreover gives to the foremost of our local executive artists an occasional chance of appearing as soloists with orchestral accompaniment—an opportunity that can hardly be overestimated.

The present general rise in orchestral interest had its starting point, not in the generosity of a few guarantors, but in the disinterested devotion to their art of our best local musicians, who among other uncongenial and not over-paid employments, set about familiarizing themselves and others with the great master works. The New Symphony Or-

chestra gave performances as adequate as possible under often discouraging circumstances, and the whole movement still depends on the enthusiasm of the players; for the very substantial aid of our citizens' association, so gratefully appreciated by the players, is still far from raising their remuneration to the customary professional fees. It is their enthusiasm which makes us feel that we have ample cause for optimism, and that with perseverance and steadily growing encouragement from the community, our orchestra will improve from season to season, and will become a source of pride to the city.



TWO MUSICAL CRITICS

THE SCOPE OF MUSIC; TEN LECTURES ON THE BROADER ASPECT OF MUSICAL EDUCATION, by Percy C. Buck (Oxford; pp. 135; \$2.00);

A SURVEY OF CONTEMPORARY MUSIC, by Cecil Gray (Oxford; pp. 261; \$2.25).

D R. BUCK'S book, comprising a series of lectures delivered at the University of Glasgow in 1923, should prove a welcome addition to the library of the intelligent music-lover who feels that he has not, despite good intentions, entirely grasped the essential nature of musical judgment.

The lectures are almost entirely free from technical terminology and deal with the subject on broad lines, embracing the elements of acoustics, aesthetics, and psychology. In his last lecture, 'Music and Psychology', the author sums up his general attitude as follows:

I have been trying to maintain, through nine lectures, that art reigns in the kingdom of feeling, and that no question of good or bad in art, no possibility of any standard of appraisement, can arise for us until we have learned to control feeling by judgment. The lectures have been one long exegesis of a psychological text, and the text is this: that since every action we perform is a reaction, and every re-action is due to feeling, the only possibility of ennobling ourselves into something higher than the beasts of the field lies in 'acquired re-action'.

Art is as essential to the development of man's emotional side, we are told, as religion is to his moral, learning to his intellectual, and healthy exercise to his physical side. Dr. Buck's somewhat pragmatic type of thought will doubtless convince most of his non-musical readers, and music-lovers may be glad of the ammunition which he supplies them when they come to argue with those who, like the immortal Zuleika Dobson, 'don't know much about music, really, but know what they like'.

Mr. Cecil Gray is nothing if not dogmatic. In the preface we are met by the challenge, 'Why should one be afraid of being wrong? Only fools are always right', and he proceeds:

All positive and constructive criticism is of value, even when it is wholly wrong-headed. . . . Although his judgments were *invariably* [the italics are ours] wrong, William Blake is a better art critic than Mr. Bernhard Berenson, who is always drearily and monotonously right. Mr. Ernest Newman's opinions are nearly always wrong.

This exhilarating preface prepares us for exciting adventures when we come to read the book, nor are we disappointed. Mr. Gray sets to work vigorously to separate the wheat from the chaff, and the harvest truly is not plenteous.

Delius, Bortok, and Van Dieren emerge comparatively unscathed; individual works of Stravinski, Schenckberg, Sibelius, and, *mirabile dictu*, Elgar, are given a friendly word which, in the case of Schenckberg's *Pierrot Lunaire* and of Sibelius' *Fourth Symphony*, rises to enthusiastic praise; but there is apparently little else in the music of to-day that appeals to the author.

The entire modern Italian and Spanish Schools, and, except for two names in each, the entire modern French and English Schools, are relegated to a single chapter headed 'Minor Composers'.

Mr. Gray develops the thesis that the 'musical' and the 'romantic' elements in art are practically identical, and so long as it is a mere matter of definition, he makes it seem plausible enough. Before dismissing this lively and interesting volume, let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter:

The music of the last twenty years or so, whether that of Debussy, Stravinski, Schenckberg, or any one else, despite all its appearance of novelty is in reality only the last expression of expiring Romanticism which itself discovered no new continent, but only exploited and cultivated the known world to an unparalleled extent. It was a movement of expansion, enrichment, and colonization, as it were; the modern movement has been one of adventure and exploration for their own sakes.

ERNEST MACMILLAN.

THE NINETIES

THE BEARDSLEY PERIOD, by Osbert Burdett (Lane; pp. xi, 302).

I T is customary nowadays to despise the Beardsley-Wilde period, and the reason is not far to seek. The aesthetic principles of those years are the opposite of those that prevail to-day. We have dropped the motto 'Art for Art's sake' and put ourselves in the hands of the biologists. Our dislike of the nineties is so strong that we forget for the most part that such a period ever was. We do not count Beardsley among the English artists or Wilde among our poets

and dramatists. Or at least we forget that they exist and so omit them.

Mr. Burdett reminds us, however, that these writers and artists whom we so persistently tend to ignore are precisely the ones who have made an impression abroad and continue to do so. And he suggests that the remarkable vogue of Wilde on the European continent cannot be wholly capricious. He then proceeds, rather laboriously, to outline the historical forces which produced this decadent and sinful art of the nineties and succeeds in his main purpose of presenting it in perspective and of showing that it has a permanent appeal for the student of human nature.

But this is not a book with a thesis. Mr. Burdett carries his knowledge and his thoughtfulness lightly for the most part. He writes a choice prose and illuminates his subject from innumerable angles. Those who have retained a sneaking interest in the nineties will be gratified; those who despise the nineties will be instructed. The book will modify their attitude, if not their judgments.

A DRAMATIC DETECTIVE

SIDELIGHTS ON ELIZABETHAN DRAMA, by H. Douglas Sykes (Oxford University Press; pp. 230; \$3.75).

M R. SYKES' essays are typical of much of the recent work on Elizabethan drama. For the time being, the critics for whom the play is the thing have given place to the patient investigator, bent on solving the many riddles of text and authorship and of dramatic circumstance which the old playwrights, with a careless generosity, have left as a bounty for such scholars—and for Ph.D.s. Mr. Sykes' particular problem is the allocation to known dramatists of plays anonymous or doubtfully ascribed. And he is an amazing literary detective, almost as ingenious as Mr. J. M. Robertson and usually surer in his captures.

In the present volume he records ten cases on which he has worked, and in each the method is the same. He puts his trust on internal evidence, and especially on his ability to identify a man by his tricks of style, the peculiarities of word and phrase which mark his writing. Results won by such a method can only rarely be accepted as conclusive, and Mr. Sykes is often unduly confident that he has 'put the matter beyond doubt'. For example, he is not by any means an obvious victor over Rupert Brooke in his battle to claim *Appius and Virginia* for Webster; but he certainly takes us with him further than most who use his methods. No one, in tackling the problem of *Timon of Athens*, has shown so convincingly that Shakespeare is the reviser, although his final distribution of the parts of the play to Shakespeare, Day, and Middleton becomes merely interesting. Almost in every case with which he deals, his argument is admirable, even if it fails to reach an absolute proof.

CAPEK ON ENGLAND

LETTERS FROM ENGLAND, by Karel Capek (Bles; pp. 191; \$2.25).

THESE whimsical comments on England by the famous author of R.U.R. have already enjoyed a deserved publicity in the pages of the *Manchester Guardian*. It would be absurd to make too much of them. They have a friendly irony and an enviable simplicity. Perhaps the chapter on 'Clubs' deserves first mention.

It seemed to me that all who were there were Members of the Royal Academy, the illustrious dead, or ex-Ministers, for none of them spoke; nobody looked at me when I went in, and nobody when I came out. I wanted to be as they were, but I did not know what to do with my eyes; when I do not speak I look about me, and when I do not look about me I think of queer comic things, and so what happened was that I burst out laughing. Nobody looked at me; it was overwhelming.

As an exhaustive picture of life in a London club as seen by a non-member this takes some beating.

Here is another very complete picture. This time it is of English industrialism.

At last the train bores its way between houses of a curious sort; there are a hundred of them entirely alike; then a whole streetful alike; and again, and again. This produces the effect of a fashion craze. The train flies past a whole town which is beset by some terrible curse; inexorable Fate has decreed that each house shall have two pillars at the door. For another huge block she has decreed iron balconies. The following block she has perpetually condemned to grey bricks. On another mournful street she has relentlessly imposed blue verandahs.

There was no choice but to quote. But perhaps we have quoted enough. We cannot imagine any type of humanity that would not enjoy the book.

GEORGIANS

GEORGIAN STORIES, 1925 (Chapman and Hall; pp. 306; \$1.50).

THIS unique collection includes sketches by Richard Hughes, Martin Armstrong, and the elegant Mr. Arlen, a portrait of a cat by Frank Penn-Smith, a mellow satire of J. C. Squire's, and an exquisite piece of horror by Osbert Sitwell; E. M. Forster transports us to the blue detachment of a Mediterranean grotto and lets us listen to his boatman's story of the sea siren—a great favour, for we would never have heard it anywhere else; C. E. Montague takes us for a scramble up an outpost of Snowdon; Arnold Palmer, in 'Brown of Epsom', initiates us into the mysteries of training, and introduces us to a remarkable personality; and Aldous Huxley confides to us how his 'Little Mexican' led to his being taken for an artist in Ravenna, and the details of his subsequent intimacy with the intriguing family of Tirabassi. L. P. Hartley, F. Tennyson Jesse, and Naomi Mitcheson round out the volume; a Victorian hang-over by H. A. Vachell is added, we suppose, to

provide a contrast; and then there is Hugh Kingsmill's contribution, 'W. J.'

A hundred years ago, when the young Disraeli was introduced to a company of Georgian wits, one of them said afterwards: 'We were none of us fools, and we all talked our best; but when the evening was over we all agreed that the best man of the party was the Jew in the green velvet trousers.' Having passed an evening with these Georgians of our time, we are prepared to say as much of Mr. Kingsmill—who was to us the one stranger in the company. In wit he can hold his own with the best of them; he can create a living character in a sentence and a tragic scene in a paragraph; his irony is the hardy flower of a disenchantment that has in it nothing of despair, while more than any of his fellows he conveys that poignant awareness of life that marks the true Georgian. Mr. Kingsmill, one feels, would be a distinguished addition to any party, in any trousers.

THE SISTERS' TRAGEDY AND THREE OTHER PLAYS, by Richard Hughes (Heinemann; pp. vii, 159; \$1.75).

THREE of these plays belong to the class of tragedy which depends on a close interweaving of physical and spiritual horror, with the physical the more conspicuous. When well handled, the effect is appalling, but always there must be some resentment felt by the audience at being so roughly treated. In 'The Sisters' Tragedy', 'The Man Born to be Hanged', and 'Danger', horror is the only emotion aroused, and it is questionable whether a play so constituted can survive its first few audiences. But there is no doubt that all three are successful in their kind. They are well written and exciting from beginning to end. The fourth play, 'A Comedy of Good and Evil', is more difficult to estimate. It is a close study of Welsh piety with religious ideas embodied in a kind of allegory. The characterization is sympathetic and full of humour, and the only doubt is whether the religion is near enough to the religion of non-Celtic audiences to be acceptable. There is much to be said for the general rule that the religious or philosophical background of a play should be instinctively understandable. There is not time in the theatre for anything else. 'A Comedy of Good and Evil' is perhaps a little laboured and might miss fire on the stage.

ASHLEY & CRIPPEN
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THE MONKEY PUZZLE

THE MONKEY PUZZLE, by J. D. Beresford (Collins; p.p. 294; 7/6).

'SO very queer a tree and called a Monkey Puzzle because it was the only tree that a monkey could not climb.' Having evolved this provocative theme, Mr. Beresford proceeds to illustrate it by setting three very charming people, all in an advanced stage of Darwinian development, at grappling with the prickly branches of the puzzle-tree of public opinion. It all begins and ends with the irrepressibility of the artist Mattocks, who is seen kissing Brenda of the deep gold hair, Lady of the Manor. Brenda can explain it perfectly to her husband.

'He was in a very exalted state of mind, and so was I. Why shouldn't he kiss me? I thought it would do him good, and it has. He has gone back to town—to work. He thinks I'm a kind of angel; which I'm not; but it's good for him to think it. And if that's the only way I can inspire him to work, why shouldn't I?'

But the village, with not wholly unexpected perspicuity, sees immediately why she shouldn't and, being unaware of subtle compromises in such matters, brands her wanton. Brenda is indifferent and undaunted, secure by virtue of her social impregnability and her philosophy of life that 'it is waste of time and bad sense to attempt to alter the character and habits of anyone after he or she has grown up', and certainly of a whole village saturated with the propertaries.

This principle of non-interference has an engaging air of breadth and tolerance, and Mr. Beresford spreads it before his readers with the persuasive manner of an Oriental merchant. Then when they are almost convinced of its general applicability, he reveals the flaw—that one may regard with indifference an idea, so long as it remains such, and be stirred to the depths by the act which is its logical outcome. At what point to step from the heights of pacifism is a debatable question on which the author very wisely does not become discursive.

PORTRAITS

PORTRAITS: REAL AND IMAGINARY, by Ernest Boyd (Doran; pp. viii, 265; \$2.50).

This is a collection of 'memories and impressions of friends and contemporaries; with appreciations of divers singularities and characteristics of certain phases of life and letters among the North Americans'. The first part of the book, headed 'Reconstructions', deals with imaginary portraits, of which the 'Aesthetic: Model 1924', originally published in *The Dial*, is the most typical and best known. The real portraits include estimates of the work and appreciations or depreciations of the personalities of such men as Mencken, Cabell, O'Neill, Hergesheimer, Sinclair Lewis, Shaw, Chesterton, Nathan, Beer, Fitzgerald, George Moore, Yeats, and others.

Mr. Boyd's style is anecdotal and episodic. He is careful that Mr. Boyd is in the picture most of the time with the men of whom he writes. It is, indeed, a careful book. Care is exercised throughout that Mr. Boyd should not be suspected of possessing orthodox views about anything under the sun, or of being brow-beaten into eulogy by the reputations of the figures who sit for his portraits. This is not to say that his judgments are not interesting, or that the anecdotes he tells are not amusing, even though they seem spiteful at times; but once closed it strikes one as being, literally, a hateful book. A book, that is to say, that is full of hate. Mr. Boyd is obviously one of the unfortunate few who pride themselves on loving nobody.

CANADIAN PORTRAITS, by Adrian Macdonald (Ryerson; pp. 230; \$2.00).

In this series of conscientious miniatures of representative Canadian celebrities, the author has produced a work that should be useful to many readers who are unwilling to wade through lengthy biographies and yet wish to know something of the lives of the men who have helped to shape the destinies of the Dominion. Like all conventional portrait painters, Mr. Macdonald is laudatory rather than critical in his interpretations, and in this gallery the effect is produced of a number of very distinguished gentlemen all irreproachably attired in their 'Sunday best'.

LEONARDO THE SCIENTIST

THE MECHANICAL INVESTIGATIONS OF LEONARDO DA VINCI, by Ivor B. Hart (Chapman and Hall; pp. 240; 16/-).

CONSIDERABLE attention has already been given, especially by French and German workers, to the activities of Leonardo da Vinci as a scientist. With the exception of Paul Richter's extracts from his note-books there is little else on da Vinci's science in the English language. Mr. Hart has systematically reviewed da Vinci's contribution to dynamics, to statics—at which Aristotle and Archimedes had laboured—and finally to aviation, a tantalizing problem to mankind throughout the ages, which was first attacked in what could be termed a scientific fashion by da Vinci. Da Vinci's writings on the 'Flight of Birds' and his marvellous attempts at mechanical flying contrivances are, according to Mr. Hart, now brought to light for the first time. That da Vinci understood, in a surprisingly accurate manner, the principles of bird flight is all the more to be wondered at since J. B. Pettigrew only some fifty years ago is generally supposed to be the first person who had any insight into this problem. Mr. Hart is to be congratulated for his valuable piece of research and for the excellence of his book as a whole.

HISTORY

A BRIEF HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION, by J. S. Holland (Milford; pp. 288; \$1.00).

THIS book has been written for secondary schools, and consequently should escape the attacks of specialists who become infuriated on the appearance of works of this character. The author bases his study on the general statements that 'man has inherited from his prehuman ancestors a number of instincts (McDougall) which still underlie the life and activity both of individuals and of associations of men', and that 'the process of civilization consists in the free, conscious and willing subjugation of these great primitive instincts, and of the activities to which they give origin, to the service of wider associations of men and finally to the service of humanity as a whole. Thus civilization is a spiritual thing, involving freedom and conscious service and self-subordination'. If all this is granted, the book will be found very interesting. One is taken hurriedly through the development of this civilization in the beginnings of history, India and China, Christianity and Islam, Greece, Rome, The Middle Ages, Nationalism, Internationalism, and the Return of Greece. The whole is delightfully illustrated and it was a happy thought of the author to have included several cartoons from *Punch*.

ENGLAND ON THE EVE OF THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION. A Study of Economic and Social Conditions from 1740 to 1760, with special reference to Lancashire, by L. W. Moffat (P. S. King; pp. xxi, 312; 12/6).

THIS work is intended 'to serve students and others interested in economic history as a general survey preliminary to a study of the Industrial Revolution'. The survey is divided into two parts—Agriculture, and Industry and Commerce.

A book on this general subject has been badly needed. Many valuable studies have been made on various phases of the economic development of England for this period, but this marks the first attempt at co-ordination of the results. The development is shown as a whole. Unfortunately

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Edited by Sir Francis Younghusband,
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Geographical Society, \$7.50.

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a large number of investigations have yet to be made in the field, and for that reason the work is distinctly limited. As additional intensive studies are made the work will tend to become obsolete. Indeed this process is already in evidence. The very recent work of Professor Ashton, on the Iron and Steel Industry, and of investigations on the potteries are only examples. Although a valuable contribution has been made in the general survey, not all of the available studies have been consulted, as will be shown in a careful review of the bibliography. No mention, for instance, is made of Professor Jackman's monumental work on the history of transportation in England. The book suffers from some minor defects. There is, to a slight extent, duplication and careless presentation. A summary would add greatly to the value of the work. Various references are made throughout the book to analogous developments in Ontario. Probably these are inserted out of respect to various Canadian protective organizations, such as the Canadian Authors' Association.

A USEFUL HANDBOOK

THE YEAR'S WORK IN ENGLISH STUDIES, VOLUME IV, 1923, edited for the English Association by Sir Sidney Lee and F. S. Boas (Oxford; pp. 269; \$2.25).

This survey of the important publications in British Studies during the year 1923 contains notices of 218 books and 200 articles. The sections covering works on Shakespeare and on the Elizabethan Drama are especially full in consequence of the tercentenary of the Shakespeare First Folio, and, indeed, the present volume is the largest of this useful series.



AGAINST *Callinicus — A Defence of Chemical Warfare*, by J. B. S. Haldane. Mr. Haldane is evidently a little ashamed of thus entering the war game. He objects to war, but doubts 'whether by objecting to it we are likely to avoid it in future, however lofty our motives or disinterested our conduct'. We at least expect Mr. Haldane to be original, but here is the old attitude that keeps war going on. Individually we are never responsible for war. Is Mr. Haldane even scientific in these words: 'War will be prevented only by a scientific study of its causes such as has prevented most epidemic diseases'? For what scientific reason does he identify epidemic disease and war? If war is a pathological symptom, it is a psychological one, and what has science done in psychology? At least nothing that Mr. Haldane can boast about. But

if science did reduce war *ad absurdum*, would that prevent it? We think not; for it does not require any great intelligence to reduce war *ad absurdum* even with our present knowledge. Mr. Haldane is one of those badly infected with a very prevalent epidemic of 'scientific' madness.

AGAINST *The Ways of Life*, by Richard Swann Lull. Its object is to 'restate the sum of our evidences for the Evolution hypothesis' so as to 'enable the layman to judge for himself as to the reasonableness of teaching this department of science'. It is an argument to meet 'the Direct Creation doctrine as interpreted by the Fundamentalists'. But if we are surprised that the Professor of Paleontology in Yale should take the Fundamentalists so seriously, we are even more disappointed to find that his argument is not likely to weaken their case, that his proffered fund of information is stodgy with platitudes, and his very sentences are often indigestible. This sort of fare makes the book-worm feel like a forced-fed fowl on a diet deficient in vitamins.

ANNOUNCEMENT

It is not our custom to review books written by members of our own committee; but we may inform our readers that five short plays by Fred Jacob have recently been published by the Macmillan Company of Canada under the title ONE THIRD OF A BILL. The volume includes 'Autumn Blooming', 'The Clever One', 'And They Met Again', 'Man's World', and 'The Basket', and the published price is \$1.50 net.



THE regular play-goer is by no means as sensitive a person as he doubtless thinks himself. He adapts his critical faculties very readily to the dramatic technique of his day, and finds perfect illusion in plays that to his children, twenty years hence, will seem to be nothing but obvious artifice. You cannot dig up a drama so old-fashioned in its mechanics that it did not appear realistic to some of our ancestors. In all probability they discussed and accepted it with a feeling of authority quite equal to our own.

A few weeks ago, I saw an excellent revival of *The Gay Lord Quex*, a play with which Sir Arthur Pinero shocked and delighted London a little more than a quarter of a century ago. So far as the daring scenes in the play are concerned, they seem



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TWO or three of these representative contributors to THE CANADIAN FORUM are distinguished foreigners; the others are Canadians who are active in the various cultural, political, and economic developments of Canadian life. They include a Labour M.P., the secretary of a farmers' co-operative society, an economist, a professor of English in the West, an anthropologist, a psychologist, a lecturer on music in one of our universities, two poets, several of the artists who are creating a distinctly Canadian art, and some sound professional journalists. Most of them are known abroad as well as in Canada by those interested in their various fields. They represent Canadian thought.

It is the activities of these, and others like them, which make up the sum of the civilizing influences in our national development. THE CANADIAN FORUM is a medium through which any Canadian, from the border to the Arctic, can keep in touch with them.

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tame enough to the most refined of modern theatre-goers, but that was not the point about it that made me pause and think. When the comedy was produced in 1899, critics hailed it as a brilliant piece of play-writing. Everybody pointed to Pinero as a model for aspiring dramatists to follow in order to master dramatic technique. He employed no silly worn-out conventions in his work. He gave you a picture of life itself.

I had not seen Sir John Hare or John Drew as Quex, so I had no hallowed memories to desecrate. I went to see the play for the play's sake, and in the presence of what was supposed to be a piece of technical perfection less than thirty years ago I stood amazed. Apparently, there was nothing of the art that conceals art in the efforts of Pinero. Three quarters of *The Gay Lord Quex* are machinery, and the other quarter is the product of the machine. The drama exists for one big scene only, and that scene is probably more skilful in an artificial manner than most of the important episodes that are being written for the stage to-day. But it is the amount of obvious adjusting that Pinero did in preparation for his third act that seems so awkward now.

Sophie Fullgarney, the manicurist, was determined to discredit Lord Quex so that he could not marry her foster sister, an innocent girl belonging to a noble family. Sophie managed to surprise Quex in a compromising position. Suspecting blackmail, the noble lord got himself locked up in a bedroom with the manicurist. If she ruined his matrimonial chances, she would have to blast her own reputation in the process. He relented only when he found that Sophie was willing to sacrifice her good name to save her foster sister. In the end, Sophie and Quex were working as allies. That one act is highly effective in a melodramatic way, but the least polished of our modern dramatists would hardly be guilty of the crudities that lead up to it.

For two acts, the characters keep rushing on the stage from all directions. They contribute a scrap of conversation to help along the plot, and then announce some excuse for departing again. In order to register the character of Lord Quex, Pinero stands his lordship on one side of the stage, while Sophie calls a friend not twenty feet away and points out Quex as 'the wickedest man in London'. To emphasize that Quex deserves his reputation, Pinero makes a friend rally him about his past affairs. They stand in a crowded manicure shop, but that does not deter them, and they shout their intimate secrets for all to hear.

'How about your intrigue with the little countess?'

'Pish, pish.'

'And your relations with the duchess?'

'Tush, tush.'

Or words to that effect. Now the audience can have no doubt about the naughtiness of Lord Quex.

At the end of the act, when Sophie gets an invitation to the home of the Countess of Owbridge, where Lord Quex is a guest, she thinks out her plans with all the subtlety of a movie star grimacing a close-up. She walks to the centre of the stage, and speaks her thoughts aloud, still in a crowded shop. I cannot remember the exact words, but they were something to this effect: 'Of course, there is a bedroom at Fauncey Court. I'll get that guy yet.'

When the duchess lures the wickedest man in London to her bedroom, they stand on the terrace and shout their assignation, so that Sophie, more or less concealed behind an inadequate shrub, can hear them. The spectacle of the ex-wicked man being seduced from his desire to be a good boy is not without its ludicrous side. Again, when it is necessary to discredit another character, the dramatist arranges to have his sweetheart peeping when he is bestowing his kisses where they do not belong. And all these forced and inept happenings are in a comedy by the adroit Sir Arthur Pinero. They used to criticize him for many things, but never for insufficient theatrical technique.

There was another point that struck me as I watched the *Gay Lord Quex*, with his past philanderings duly excused, carry off his chaste young bride. The reformed rake is no longer as popular a hero for drama as he used to be. The romantic libertine is not now presented on the stage as a person of great charm and an altogether desirable fellow, which is probably one of the results of the increased knowledge of social hygiene.

In penning a 1925 impression of an 1899 play, I am not trying to establish our superiority over our elders who used to regard *The Gay Lord Quex* as brilliant and realistic comedy. The point upon which I want to place emphasis is that all these glaring artificialities were accepted conventions twenty-five years ago and seemed perfectly right and natural. Does it not follow that in our own generation we are probably just as blind? The current conventions may, in many cases, be quite as awkward, but we do not notice it because we are accustomed to them. Will the painted flat scenery or the impressionistic sets pass into the limbo where the asides went a few short years ago? Or is it possible that some of our conventions that we never dream of doubting are so purely arbitrary that they will not survive half a dozen years after they once fall under suspicion? How will the most natural and brilliant plays of 1925 look to the critics of 1950? Yet we sit through them and never realize how the joints creak and the wheels rattle. FRED JACOB.

THE OUTLOOK IN BRITAIN

(Continued from page 359).

gorically refused to accept the new terms. Prolonged negotiations between the two parties took place with members of the Baldwin Government intervening in the role of mediators, but they came to naught and in despair the Government hastily appointed a very able Commission to examine the merits of the dispute. Its survey of the situation, however, was of necessity perfunctory and its report, which expressed a conviction of the inefficiency of the present methods of mine management in Britain, tended to strengthen the case of the miners; but it made no real contribution to a settlement of the crisis. The stage seemed irretrievably set for a general strike of the miners on July 31 and as this date drew nigh it became increasingly clear that the conflict could not be localised in the coal industry. The adventure of the Labour party into office at Downing St. had one interesting consequence; many tried and moderate leaders of the trades union movement had on their acceptance of Ministerial office vacated their old posts, and it happened that their places had been mostly filled by successors of an extremist brand. Mr. Frank Hodges, the Secretary of the Miners' Union, who had belonged to the right wing, had been replaced by Mr. A. J. Cook, an avowed disciple of Lenin, and a series of similar changes had given the left wing control and direction of the industrial side of the Labour movement.

Many of the new leaders were advocates of industrial rather than political action as the proper instrument of reform and were resolved to put their beliefs to the test. The miners' officials managed to enlist the cordial sympathy and active co-operation of the leaders of the other unions and working-class opinion rallied to their support with astounding unanimity; like wildfire a realization seemed to spread that the miners, in resisting a reduction of wages, were fighting the battle of the whole working class and that their defeat would be soon followed by parallel action on the part of other employers. Accordingly the workers of Britain determined that now or never was the time to make a resolute stand against policies which would entail a reduction in their already meagre standards of living. The united front which they presented could not fail to impress any Government, and a general strike with all its appalling consequences seemed inevitable in the closing days of July. Not a ton of coal would have moved on the railways after midnight on July 31 and an almost complete paralysis of trade would soon have followed. The Government might have organized some substitute services, but the utilisation of troops to protect the substitute workers would have been necessary and bloodshed would

certainly have followed in the north. Furthermore, whatever faint prospects of trade recovery exist for Britain would have been impaired for at least two years, and the damage wrought might have been irretrievable. The Baldwin Government, in a desperate quandary, decided to purchase a truce, and announced a compromise policy whereby the Government undertakes (on condition that the mineowners continue the present agreement) to grant a special subsidy which would enable the mineowners to continue the existing scale of wages and secure the desired 13 per cent. for their profits.

This expensive arrangement will only be temporary while an exhaustive inquiry into the whole coal mining industry is being held. If an able and impartial tribunal is constituted, its recommendations ought to carry final authority; but the miners recall that the report of the Sankey Commission, which virtually pronounced in favour of nationalisation, was quietly smothered some years ago. Concerning the real problem of the British coal industry there is no mystery whatever. About 1,500 companies and individuals own some 3,000 different mines; for generations these have been opened and worked without any serious regard to a common policy respecting the fullest and cheapest yield, pumping and drainage, co-operative purchase of machinery and management of distribution. There are also far too many middlemen in the coal trade and they are allowed to exact too heavy a toll for their services. Only a process of thorough co-ordination and amalgamation can enable the coal industry, which has always been counted the economic lifeblood of Britain, to survive and prosper, and as the mineowners seem unable or unwilling to undertake this task, the state must needs intervene and force the necessary action. It is unsafe to make predictions about the report of a Commission whose personnel has not been disclosed, but in all probability it will recommend the purchase by the state of all mining royalties, and a compulsory scheme of unification for the industry. The Labour party will press for thorough nationalisation; but it is unlikely that they will be allowed to have their way. Meanwhile Socialist writers are discovering incontrovertible evidence of the hopeless breakdown of the capitalist system in Britain from the fact that the Government is compelled to keep a basic industry going by subsidies from the public funds. About the cost of the subsidy there is vigorous dispute; the Government declare that it will not absorb more than 10 million pounds, but Mr. J. L. Garvin thinks the final reckoning may be four times as much. But whatever its cost may be, the decision to grant it constitutes a most important landmark in the history of Britain.

(To be continued).

TRADE AND INDUSTRY

MR. KEYNES AND THE GOLD OF CANADA

BY G. E. JACKSON

IN a recent lecture before the Royal Society of Arts, Professor W. A. Parks, of the University of Toronto, discussed 'The Mineral Resources of Northern Ontario'. Canadian press accounts of his address have been made the occasion of a curious, but by no means isolated, attack on the British financial writer, J. M. Keynes; and as these illustrate a condition of mind which is not likely to increase the respect in which the Dominion is held abroad it is perhaps not out of place to comment on them here.

The head and front of Mr. Keynes' offending is a statement in his recent book, *Monetary Reform*, that 'a quarter of a century has passed since the discovery of an important deposit' of gold. This is held to disparage the resources of Northern Ontario; and sundry journalists regard it as their bounden duty to rebuke the author of *Monetary Reform* for his alleged ignorance; incidentally making for themselves an opening to remind the world of the great wealth of gold to be found here.

It is as though Mr. Keynes had somehow given an affront to Canada for which he must be brought to book; as though Canadian patriotism were founded on natural resources and must be vindicated somehow. Who knows? Signor Nitti tells us that some men love their country just as maggots love cheese. Here and there, perhaps, is someone whose devotion to Canada rests on the prospect of exploiting certain metals profitably with the help of borrowed capital. To suppose that any large number of our people are so degraded would, indeed, be to belittle Canada; yet, curiously enough, newspapers which number their readers by the hundred thousand, and cater as a rule to the normal, decent man, demean themselves by taking this childish attitude.

What is meant by the statement to which objection has been taken? And does it necessarily betoken either ignorance of Canadian resources, or readiness to belittle the Dominion?

When the British economist stated that in twenty-five years not an important deposit of gold has been discovered, he may well have been aware, not indeed of the vast extent of the total reserves in Ontario, but at least of the conditions and immediate prospects of our chief mines. His dictum, I submit, must be considered in the light of the purpose with which his book, *Monetary Reform*, was written.

It appeared at a time when the return to the gold standard was being widely canvassed in England. The first practical question that arises in connection with it, as Mr. McKenna did well to point out to the House of Commons Committee last spring, must inevitably be: Do the prospective supplies of new gold

in the years before us promise to meet our needs adequately, less than adequately, or more than adequately? If adequately, then the cost of living is likely to be fairly stable with a gold currency; if less than adequately, then prices are likely to fall, and business depression to be prolonged; if more than adequately, then a rise of prices and the cost of living will involve hardship (and probably discontent) among large numbers of people.

It is often forgotten that the world needs a large annual supply of new gold, merely to transact the new business which growth in population and in capital involves. No man can calculate exactly how much is needed in this way. Probably the figure is best expressed as a ratio to the total amount existing at any moment; the figure has been placed at 3% or thereabouts. If this is approximately sound, then upwards of \$300,000,000 of new gold must be mined each year, merely to provide adequately for the normal growth in business transactions. A deficiency, prolonged over a few years together, would probably cause a fall of prices; and *vice versa*.

From this standpoint we may consider afresh the discoveries of gold in Northern Ontario. Vast wealth is certainly waiting there; great fortunes are already being made there. If all the gold that is known to exist there could be placed on the market at once, the most disastrous consequences would probably befall the world's gold currencies. We should be plunged in a vortex of pyramiding prices, and suffer again the severe discomforts of 1919-1920. But the gold that is now being marketed here is a tiny trickle compared with this vast total. It amounts to less than 10% of the world's needs. If other sources of supply dwindle in importance, there will be room for a doubling, a trebling, or a quadrupling of the Canadian supply; yet that supply may not produce more than a ripple on the surface of the world's economic life.

It is in the best interest of the world, and indeed of Canada, that our gold should be made available gradually, during a long period of years. Present indications suggest that this is precisely what will happen. Very different was the course of events on the Rand in the last generation, when gold-mining was revolutionized; for two features distinguished the South African gold, which we shall do well to consider.

In the first place, the world's total supplies of gold in 1900 were less than half of what we have to-day. Consequently, the impact on the world's money markets of the South African gold was more than twice as powerful as would be the impact of a corresponding quantity to-day.

In the second place, the South African gold deposits were very highly concentrated within a very small area. In that respect, I believe, the Rand was,

and is, unique. As a result, the South African gold immediately became available in very large quantities. In proportion to the total stock of 'paying ores', there was a very large annual output.

For both of these reasons, the Rand disturbed the world's economic equilibrium, as, it is to be hoped, Northern Ontario will never do: even if it should be found that there is far more gold in Ontario than South Africa has ever possessed, as is said to be the case. It was probably with these considerations in mind that the British economist unconsciously gave offence to the more sensitive of our financial journalists, and led them to berate him.

In any case, it is doubtful if Mr. Keynes is aware of the bolts that have been launched at him. He will hardly suffer. But this self-consciousness about resources, which leads to storms in teacups, is not a sign of maturity. Our belief in the pre-Cambrian range is not, like the support of a presidential candidate by his delegation, to be shown by continuous 'rooting'.

Sweet are the uses of advertisement; but there are gentlemen among us who protest too much.

THE TREND OF BUSINESS BY PHILIP WOOLFSON

	Index of Wholesale Prices in Canada (1)	Volume of Employment in Canada (2)	Price of 20 Canadian Securities (3)	Cost of Selected Family Budget (4)
July 1925	175.7	96.8	116.3	\$20.70
June "	172.1	94.5	116.3	\$20.67
May "	172.5	90.8	114.8	\$20.73
Apr "	174.7	87.2	114.6	\$20.82
Sept. 1924	172.9	93.1	94.7	\$20.65
August "	175.5	94.7	92.0	\$20.57
July "	175.6	95.9	90.7	\$20.30
June "	172.0	95.2	89.2	\$20.22

¹ Michell. Monetary Times. Base (=100) refers to period 1900-09.

² Dominion Bureau of Statistics. Records obtained from Employers. Base (=100) refers to Jan. 17, 1920. Subsequent figures refer to the first of each month.

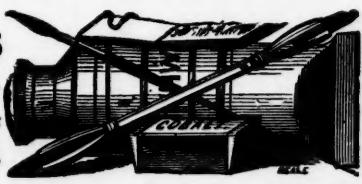
³ Michell. Monetary Times. The following common stock quotations are included: Atlantic Sugar; Burt; Canada Cement; Lyall Construction; Canada Car & Foundry; Steel Co. of Canada; Asbestos; Dominion Bridge; Sherwin Williams; Maple Leaf; Canada Bread; Tuckett; Dominion Canners; Lake of the Woods Milling; Penman's; Dominion Textile; Russell Motors; Canadian Cottons.

⁴ Labour Gazette (Ottawa).

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